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EVER TRUE.

BY G. W.

Joyous at heart as a summer day
A lassie stands by the meadow way,
And looks at a face that is very dear,
And wonders in words that know nothing of fear—
"Will you be true, love? will you be true?
Will you love me as I love you?
Will love grow stronger as years roll on,
And be truest when youth and beauty have gone?
Will you be true, love? will you be true?"

Joyous at heart when their hair is gray
Husband and wife together stray,
And hand clasps hand as they pass along,
And the heart of each is glad with song:
"You have been true, love! you have been true!
Loving me well as I have loved you!
And time and change, and good and ill
Have linked us closer and closer still—
Hearts ever true, love! hearts ever true!"

TREASURE-TROVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BITTER RECKONING," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A STORM IN A TEA-CUP," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning after Lord Mavis's departure Lellie looked up from her letter-writing with a delightful smile of welcome on her lips, as a footstep she knew mounted the stairs towards the drawing-room door. But when it went past, and on up the next flight to the studio, a little cloud of disappointment came over her face and quenched her pretty expectancy.

"I thought that was Frank's step," she remarked, making pretence of resuming her writing.

"So I think it was," Mrs. Brinkton answered shortly.

Something unusual in the tone struck Lellie, and she looked at the speaker inquiringly; but she was intent upon her work again.

"If it is Frank," observed Lellie, "it is the first time he has called without coming straight to us."

"You know, Lellie, that papa is to give Captain Ellsmere his decided answer to-day," Mrs. Brinkton said quietly. "Perhaps that is why he has gone up-stairs at once."

"Perhaps," sighed Lellie; "though I don't see why he should not have come in and said good-morning to us first. It isn't as if there were any doubt on the matter, you know, dear. I'm sure Frank has been everything that is nice and attentive. I know he got a little vexed once or twice because Lord Mavis was here so much last week, but that was only natural. Lord Mavis is so handsome and so delightful in his ways that I don't wonder Frank didn't like to see him so much at home here. I shouldn't have liked it had I been in his place."

Mrs. Brinkton looked at the girl as she once more bent her head over her writing, and a quickly-stifled sigh parted her lips. She did not feel nearly so confident as to the result of the interview as Lellie did. But then Lellie did not know of the grave disclosure which Mr. Brinkton had to make to her fiance. They had never told the girl of the exact circumstance which had led to their adoption of her, and she had always been treated so exactly as their own child that it had never occurred to her she could be anything else. So she sat there in the morning sunlight, awaiting with full confidence her lover's appearance, and bestowing a very divided attention in the meantime upon her letters, listening every second minute for the sound of his footstep on the stairs.

When Captain Ellsmere answed to Brinkton's "Come in" in reply to his knock at the studio door, the artist put his sheaf of brushes out of his hand and turned his back on his canvas. He saw at once by the expression on the young man's face that this was to be no pleasant desultory chat, carried on in the pauses of his work, but a business interview—short, plain, and to the point.

He guessed immediately that something out of the common had occurred to so metamorphose Lellie's usually nonchalant lover, and he was not greatly surprised when he heard the reason of the change Ellsmere plunged at once into the subject.

"Mr. Brinkton," the Captain began, after looking swiftly round the room to make sure they were alone, "I heard a most extraordinary piece of gossip last night, and I have come to you straightway, to ask you to contradict it."

Brinkton knew quite well what was coming now, and in his heart he was rather relieved that he was not compelled to make the first disclosure himself.

"You may as well sit down," he said irrelevantly, as he pushed a wheel-chair across to his visitor.

But Ellsmere refused the offered seat.

"I'm too restless to sit," he answered irritably. "I've not slept a wink the night through. I've not had one moment's peace since I heard this news." He stopped for one instant with his hand pressing nervously on the chair-back, and then raised his eyes from their study of the Persian rug at his feet with sudden resolution to his host's face. "Is Lellie really your daughter, Mr. Brinkton?"

"No," was the brief and prompt reply.

"No? Then why did you allow me to believe——"

"One moment, if you please, Ellsmere," interrupted Brinkton, checking the other's impetuosity with upraised hand; "before you begin to accuse me of deceiving you in any way I must beg you to remember that when you first came to me and asked me to give my little girl to you, you had already spoken to her on the subject. Had it been otherwise, I should have told you then and there of the unfortunate mystery which surrounds the child. But when you told me that Lellie had already confessed she cared for you, I decided to make one more effort to hunt out the secret of her birth before I put an end for ever to her little love-dream."

"Then the story I heard is true? You know absolutely nothing of Lellie's parentage?"

Brinkton shook his head sorrowfully.

"I have made redoubled efforts during the last fortnight, but they have ended, as all former ones have done, in utter failure."

When Ellsmere spoke again, it was with an evident effort, and Brinkton, absorbed as he was in the thought of Lellie's coming trouble, yet experienced a twinge of pity for the suffering before him.

"In these most painful circumstances you will not continue to hold me to my engagement, I suppose, Mr. Brinkton?"

"That will be just as you decide for yourself."

"Thank you. And you will do me the justice to acknowledge the impossibility of my carrying out my promise under existing conditions?"

"I beg your pardon," answered Brinkton, straightening himself instinctively. "I can't acknowledge the impossibility for a moment. Inadvisable it might be; inconvenient, as concerns your relations with your family, it doubtless would be; but there is nothing impossible about it to a man of pluck and resolution."

Ellsmere flushed slightly at the insinuation.

"It is of no use arguing the question," he said, "and I don't want to talk a lot of cant; but I am very fond of Lellie, Mr. Brinkton, and I would do almost anything to make her my wife but——"

"But the one thing required," interrupted Hastie impatiently. "Never mind, Captain Ellsmere; I think Lellie has too much grit in her to sink under the blow, so there won't be any permanent injury done, I hope. I think we've both said all we need say?"

"May I see Lellie before I go? I shall leave town to-night."

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Hastie. "I don't intend to admit the least dash of romance into this parting, Ellsmere. I shall tell the girl, in the bluntest manner possible, that you have cried off because there are no credentials forthcoming to prove that her father and mother were not rogues and vagabonds, and because you dare not face your father's anger and your mother's horror over the news that you have married a good lovable girl for no other reason than that you loved her and she loved you."

Again Ellsmere refused this challenge to quarrel, and turned to the door.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm sorry, awfully sorry!"

"Confound him," cried Hastie, when the door had closed behind the Captain, "he hasn't left me the poor satisfaction of having called him a cad! I wish to Heaven he had given me a chance of saying something of what I feel. Now I suppose I must go and break this news to the child. Poor, pretty Lellie! What a desperately hard, cruel world this is! To think that that poor little girl's heart must ache because of a wickedness in which she had no hand whatever!"—and Hastie Brinkton's face was very grave indeed as he made his way down-stairs to the drawing-room.

Lellie looked up with eager shining eyes as he opened the door, but, after the first glance at his anxious face, a swift look of trouble flashed into her own, and with an instinctive prescience of what was coming she rose, and waited with quickened breath and parted lips to hear what he had to say.

As Hastie stood there, with the girl's anxious questioning eyes fixed upon him, he felt for the first time that both he and his wife had wronged her in allowing her to grow up in ignorance of her peculiar circumstances. It would be harder to tell her the whole truth now than it would have been before so much depended upon it.

Mrs. Brinkton, with some similar thought, put down her work and went over to Lellie and placed her arm around her, as if she would fain have warded off the coming blow. It was Lellie who first spoke.

"Frank has gone?" she said interrogatively, with a catch in her breath, as though in saying the three short words she had gone as far as she could without breaking down.

"Yes, dear, he has gone," Hastie returned lamely.

"Is he coming back?" Again the same sudden termination to her short sentence.

Hastie, with a pain at his heart, looked at her pitifully, but answered neither by word nor sign.

The girl's disengaged hand went up quickly to her throat and resolutely pressed down the rising sob.

"Of course you will tell me why?" she questioned, speaking with a steadiness which was more distressing to her listeners than a paroxysm of grief would have been.

"I think I have a right to know why you have sent him away."

"I did not send him away, Lellie; he cried off himself, my dear. His love for you was not great enough to counterbalance certain drawbacks which a marriage with you would have brought upon him, so he has asked me to release him from his promise. I know you would not wish him to keep it unwillingly, my child, so I gave him his freedom at once."

He had touched the right chord now. At the statement of Ellsmere's being the active party in the rupture Lellie had flushed up hotly to her forehead; but by the time Brinkton had finished speaking she was very pale and rigidly calm.

"There is one comfort, Lellie," he continued—"as the engagement has not been publicly acknowledged you will not be obliged to put up with people's impertinent pity and curiosity."

Again she flushed quickly, and with a suddenly impulse she turned and kissed Mrs. Brinkton, who still stood by her.

"You see, you knew him better than I," she said, with a pallid little ghost of a smile. "It was wise of you to give him a trial instead of taking him on trust. Don't look so worried, mother dear. You needn't be frightened for me. I shall come out of it all right, you'll see. Of course it's not pleasant to be jilted, and—I—liked him so much."

A tremble came all at once into the brave voice, and Mrs. Brinkton's hand went up in quick sympathy. But Lellie caught it mid-way and held it very tightly indeed while she said—

"No; you mustn't pity me—help me to bear it quietly. I shall get over it better that way. Besides, we ought to be glad rather than sorry that I did not marry a man who can't love better than that." She turned suddenly to Brinkton. "By-the-bye, did he specify the drawbacks to a marriage with me?" she asked abruptly.

"I think you are brave enough to bear anything, Lellie," Brinkton answered, "so I will tell you now, instead of putting it off until another time, as I intended."

"Yes," she said as Mrs. Brinkton pushed her gently towards the couch and sat down by her; "I would rather know at once."

* * * * *

Half an hour later Lellie stood between her adopted parents, holding a hand of each. Her face deathly pale, but there was a steadfast light in her eyes and her mouth was earnest and resolute as she said—

"Such nonsense to talk about having wronged me. Why, if I were to live through eternity, and spent the whole time in devotion to you, I could not repay you what you have given me. Just think what I might have been—a nameless pauper, and later on a domestic drudge, without intellect, almost without a soul. If I were to talk my life through on this one subject I could never express the thanks that are in my heart. I'm going to think this all over alone for a little while. Don't trouble about me; I'm not going to show my gratitude by sighing and crying, and making your lives miserable. But I'm going to be a woman instead of a stupid girl; and, dad, I shall take seriously to the painting now, and add increased glory throughout the artistic world to the name you've so generously given me."

And so she went, smiling back at them from the door before she closed it.

Mrs. Brinkton looked at Hastie, but could not see him for blurring tears; he, impetuous man that he was, relieved the hysterical lump in his throat by pressing his wife tightly to him, and saying over and over again—

"Isn't she splendid? Didn't I always say she was a little heroine?"

CHAPTER V.

It was near the end of July, and "town was thinning fast," as the society papers express it.

It was six weeks since Captain Ellsmere had disappeared so mysteriously in the height of the season. During that time others had made sundry efforts to attract Lellie Brinkton's attention, but she had been so coldly and indiscriminately sweet

to her admirers all round that not one of them had had the assurance to make a definite advance. There had come a distinct change over the girl during these weeks, but whether due to the discovery of her anomalous position or the loss of her sweetheart no one could have said, for she had grown reserved on the subject of her own feelings lately.

It would have been equally difficult to decide whether this change was for the worse or for the better; some would have thought one way, and some the other.

She certainly was not so universally attractive as she had been earlier in the season, not quite so ready in repartee or so daring in argument; but to the few she favored there was a more dangerous charm still in her present quiet style of making herself delightful than there had been in her more brilliant displays.

When Lord Mavis came up to Lady Tolverton's last gathering of the season, and saw Lellie talking with a certain reserved animation to an affected-looking young man with rather long hair, he certainly thought she looked prettier than ever, and he turned away from the contemplation of her gracious sweetness with a sharp pain in his heart, and a still sharper impatience at his own folly.

He found Mrs. Brinkton presently, and was severely taken to task by that lady for his unsociable conduct.

"Where have you been hiding for the past six weeks?" she asked.

"I really could not help myself," he assured her. "Things at Maylands were in such a desperate state of muddle that I was obliged to devote myself tooth and nail to setting them straight."

"You look a little overworked," she said—"not quite so fresh as when you first arrived home."

"I was just off a long sea voyage then, you know—that always freshens one up. I am all right enough. How have you all been? I saw Lellie just now; I fancied she was a little changed, though I could not describe how."

Mrs. Brinkton glanced around her before she answered.

"Lellie has had her first taste of trouble," she said quietly; "and naturally it has tamed her a little. You know how we first found her and all the rest of it, for I remember you dined with us the very next day; you were awfully amused too at my delight over the romantic business. When Captain Ellsmere heard of it he threw poor Lellie over. She was very brave over it, but of course she was bound to feel it."

"The mean scoundrel!" exclaimed his lordship savagely, and it were hard to say whether indignation against his late rival or a sudden mad hope born of Lellie's freedom held first place in his thoughts for the next few minutes. "Poor little girl," he said presently; "it was awfully hard on her to lose her sweetheart without any fault on her part."

"Yes, it was hard; but I think that the knowledge of her unknown parentage has had more to do with the change you see in her than Captain Ellsmere's desertion. Hastie was teasing her about some one the other day, and she said she did not care about lovers, for she would not do any man the injustice of encouraging him to a declaration only to have him withdraw his offer when he knew all. She had quite made up her mind that marriage was out of the question for a woman placed as she was, and she meant to devote the rest of her life to coddling Hastie and me, and to her work. She has taken seriously to painting lately, you know, and Hastie's honest opinion is that she will be heard of some day."

"I hope not!" exclaimed Lord Mavis with abrupt energy.

Mrs. Brinkton looked a little surprised as she asked—

"But why? Surely it is better she should wrap herself up in an intellectual occupation than go about bemoaning her broken heart?"

"She is too pretty and loveable to be wasted as a blue-stocking," he answered. "Heaven meant her to love and be loved; and she will too when her time comes."

"I'm afraid not. Indeed, I think it would take a very persevering man to beat down her present reserve."

"Do you know, Mrs. Brinkton," said his lordship slowly, watching Lellie cross the room towards them as he spoke, "when I was a school-boy my nickname was 'pig-headed Mavis.' Now you possibly might be more complimentary than the Rugby boys, and the quality they called pig-headedness you might describe as perseverance."

Mrs. Brinkton turned to look at him, and he was looking at Lellie—who had stopped half-way across the room to speak to some one—with a most determined expression in his eyes.

"Surly you would not risk the displeasure of your friends by a marriage with a girl so unfortunately placed?" she murmured.

"If I thought I could make that child happy," he answered, with his gaze still on Lellie, "I would risk anything or everything, and think it well lost for love. Don't laugh at me and call me an old ass," he added, with comic pathos, "for I am desperately in earnest. Please keep my secret inviolate."

The next instant he was standing with Lellie's hand in his, and smiling quietly at her pretty scolding.

"So tantilizing of you to turn up at the very last moment," she said, "after absenting yourself the whole season through. Mother and I have often wondered what had become of you. Now, when you do come, it is only just in time to wish us God-speed. We go the day after to-morrow."

"Where away?"

"Hollliscroft first, for a fortnight. Lady Hollis is longing for a peep at her pet daughter—eh, mother dear? Then we are going to the sea-side for a week or two to brace us up, and afterwards we are going to do Merionethshire in search of the beautiful. Papa and I are going in for genuine hard work among the Welsh hills and valleys."

"I've an idea!" said Lord Mavis, turning to Mrs. Brinkton with inspiration. "Why not spend the week or two by the sea at Maylands with me? The house is only half a mile from the shore, the air is splendid, and, though things are rather in the rough at present, I think I can promise you shall be as comfortable as you would be at an hotel. There are some 'bits' too, round about, not quite beneath contempt from an artistic point of view. Miss Lellie, throw in your vote and interest on my side."

But Lellie only smiled quietly and looked at Mrs. Brinkton, who said—

"It sounds very nice and enticing. Quite a suggestion of an indoor picnic, in your way of putting it; but I can't accept without hearing Hastie's views. He may have made other arrangements."

"Oh, I'll undertake to manage Hastie!" replied his lordship dogmatically.

"What a persevering person you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Brinkton, looking straight at him as he spoke.

"That's a polite way of putting it, you know," he responded meaningly; "some people would call it pig-headedness." And Lellie wondered very much where was the point of the joke over which they both laughed so confidentially.

"Will you give me this last waltz, Miss Lellie?" asked Lord Mavis presently. "I know it's not promised, because your intention was to go home before it came off. Let me have it, please"—as he noticed a look of refusal. "Mrs. Brinkton won't mind waiting just once to oblige your father's old friend."

"When you put it this way, of course I can't refuse," she answered reluctantly; "though it is really too hard upon mother."

"And how have you enjoyed your first season on the whole?" he asked, as they walked away. "Have its pleasures come up to your anticipations?"

"Yes," she answered, without animation; "everybody has been very nice. We have had lots of gaiety and all that kind of thing."

"And yet you are a little tired of it all," he said quietly; "and in your hearts you have come to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle."

"Why should you make such an assertion as this?" she asked, looking him steadily in the face.

"Because I saw you just now, before you saw me, when you were talking to that idiot Rothfeld, and once I noticed a look of utter boredom come into your eyes as you listened to what he was saying."

"But that does not prove your sweeping assertion that I am tired of it all. May I not be bored with the inanity of one person in particular without being accused of universal cynicism? Are you going to dance?"

"She cares for that vagabond still, and is afraid I should suspect it," thought Lord Mavis, as he obeyed the command conveyed in her last question, and stooped her smoothly down the room.

"That's rather a pretty tune," he remarked, when they had gone once round. "What is it called?"

"'Love's Young Dream.'"

"The title is as pretty as the tune," he observed thoughtfully.

"Yes; pretty, but meaningless," she responded.

"Of course," he murmured, rather at a loss for a suitable reply to this. Then, with sudden animation, he remarked—"All dreams are meaningless, aren't they?"

"Yes; they are supposed to be so."

"Now, when I go in for love I mean to go in for reality. A dream is an unsatisfactory sort of arrangement. It is unpleasant, just when one is fancying oneself in the seventh heaven of happiness, to wake up and find it is all moonshine."

The moment he had delivered this burst of eloquence he was conscious that he had exactly stated Lellie's case, and he was angry with himself for not having shown more thought. In order to divert her attention he put his arm round her waist, and they did another turn round the room. He felt the girl's heart beating wildly against his coat-sleeve; and, looking furtively down, he saw how painfully compressed her lips were.

"Great heavens," he cried to himself remorsfully, "why have I been sent into this world without an ounce of tact in my composition?" And he began realise the truth of Mrs. Brinkton's remark as to the difficulty of overcoming this girl's reserve.

"Poor little soul," he thought pitifully, as he walked down Piccadilly in the early morning sunshine, trying to take some of the restlessness out of himself before he turned in for a few hours' sleep—"poor little girl! It must have been a sharp attack to charge her like that. How I should enjoy thrashing that hound Ellsmere! I wonder if there is the remotest chance for me, or whether she looks upon me as an accepted old fogy, and finds it impossible to think of me in any other light. Rum thing it is that I should always make a muddle of matters where my feelings are concerned! Everything goes as smoothly as a garden-roller with me until I get soft on a woman, and then I'm sure to come a cropper. Something wrong about me somewhere, I suppose; wish I could discover what it is. No matter, I mean to marry my little treasure-trove if pluck and perseverance will accomplish it, and, when I have used up pluck and perseverance, I'll fall back on the old pig-headedness, and refuse to acknowledge the first defeat."

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. BRINKTON was charmed with Maylands, so was Hastie, so was Lellie. This last gave Lord Mavis unmixed satisfaction.

It was a most delightful visit. Maylands was so entirely Liberty Hall, and the choice of occupations and amusements so varied, that the person who could not have found a congenial means of passing away the time would be hard indeed to please.

Mrs. Brinkton was installed as hostess pro tem. on the day of her arrival.

"I tried to get my sister down to receive you," his lordship explained as he drove them out from Brighton—the nearest station—"but her eldest boy has just met with an accident in the cricket-field. She wired me from Harrow yesterday to say she should not leave him until he could be taken home, so you must take the will for the deed, Mrs. Brinkton, and accept the post of lady of the manor yourself."

"That will suit Nell," put in Hastie, from the body of the break; "she's never so happy as when she is doing the hospitable."

"I hope you'll keep us all in order, Mrs. Brinkton," Lord Mavis observed gravely. "I've a couple of Navy men staying with me; they are superintending the refitting of the old Bulrush, and they are the maddest fellows I've ever been under the roof with. Constance would have awed them into order, but I'll acknowledge to you I'm just a little nervous about them since I've heard she can't come. Lady Tolverton will be down on Thursday, to stay over Sunday; then she goes on to Cowes. I don't know the person very well yet, but if you like I'll ask him and his wife up to stay until Lady Tolverton's arrival?"

"I don't think I'm very frightened of your madmen," Mrs. Brinkton answered brightly. "You know I've served a good apprenticeship under Hastie. He occasionally brings home some of the most uncivilised specimens, and Lellie and I always get on splendidly with them."

"Then I'm quite happy," said his lordship; "for it isn't that they don't know better, but they have only just returned from three years' service on the Sydney station—that's where I met them—and they're just wild with high spirits at being home again. Look, Miss Lellie," he said, turning and pointing with his whip, "that is the first peep of the house from the road. See what those scoundrels are doing," he cried, as the flag floating from the tower dipped half-way as they came into view—"they are saluting you, Mrs. Brinkton!"

"It's very beautiful," said Lellie.

"Which—the house or the salute?" asked his lordship, looking round at her quizzingly.

"Both," she answered, smiling back at him in the same spirit. "I think they must be nice men to act so politely to people they know nothing about!"

"Ah, but they know a lot about you!" he returned quickly. "Jim Gregson is down here—he's a relation of mine—and you know the sort of things he would say about you, Miss Lellie?"

Lellie blushed a little; she had snubbed this same Jim Gregson most presistently for the last month of her stay in town, and she laughed at Lord Mavis's severe face as she answered—

"I did not know he was related to you, Lord Mavis. I'm afraid he will have given me a most forbidding character."

His lordship was going to reply, but Brinkton interposed.

"For goodness sake attend to your horses, Jack," he cried, "and leave Lellie and me to entertain each other, or you'll have us all in the ditch."

The words recalled vividly to his lordship's mind the last time he had driven with Lellie, when it had been she who had caused him to be turned into a ditch. He sat very silent for a little time, devoting his whole attention to his horses, while Lellie craned her neck to get a view of the house they were rapidly nearing.

It was a fine old red-brick building, or rather collection of buildings, for there was a large wing standing at right angles to the main front, with which it was only connected by a high white colonnade closed in with glass.

There was an octagonal addition at the other end, with a dome-shaped roof; and there was a stone porch, quite a building in itself, supported by massive stone columns which reached right across the carriage-way.

There were three rooms one above the other over the porch; the top one rising above the roof of the main front, being walled on all sides with glass, was evidently an observatory.

When the brick additions had been made to the house, there had been some effort to obtain uniformity of design in so far that the large wing and the octagonal annex were also of red brick.

But there the uniformity had ceased, for the red brick of the main front was shades duller than the red brick of the octagon, and that again was not so bright in coloring as the brick of the more lately built wing.

The result was a fine blending of ruddy tints, thrown up by the white colonnade and porch, and the massive clumps of greenery, which here and there hung lovingly half-way up the face of the brickwork.

Lellie's artistic eye took it all in with rapture, as she turned with a little sigh of delight to Hastie.

"It'll do," he said shortly meeting and understanding her look of inquiry. "Your uncle must have had the soul of an artist, Mavis, to retain those low clumps of evergreens and those grass mounds and foliage beds, instead of destroying the whole character of the place by putting in vulgar ribbon borders, and so on."

"I suppose they would look out of place," his friend answered, rousing himself from his fit of abstraction. "There are the rowdies, Mrs. Brinkton, up there in Sister Anne's Chamber, as the room over the porch is called. Look at their frantic demonstrations of welcome."

Mrs. Brinkton laughed heartily, as for an instant—before the large porch shut them off from the view of the windows above—she caught sight of the semaphore-like waving of many arms.

"Why Sister Anne's Chamber?" asked Hastie.

"Because you can see whether any one is coming, no matter what quarter they come from, if you watch there," replied Lord Mavis. He paused for a moment on the top step to say—"You are my first lady guests, Mrs. Brinkton and Miss Lellie, and I am proud and glad to welcome you to Maylands." Then he turned and led the way into the house.

One great charm of Maylands was that visitors felt perfectly at home before they had been there a day. There was a most enjoyable dash of Bohemianism in the ways of the house which gave a sense of newness to the usual pastimes of country life.

Lord Mavis's behavior to Lellie was caution itself, during the earlier part of her visit; more especially he was careful not to seem conscious that such a person as Captain Ellsmere had ever existed.

Under this treatment, and under the influence of genial surroundings, the girl began to drop some of her reserve, and to secretly encourage and enjoy the frolics of the wild seamen.

Of course, loving her as he did, with a love as unselfish as it is possible for human love to be, Lord Mavis was glad to see the signs of renewed joyousness about his young guest.

But he was forced to acknowledge to himself that, though she seemed to be getting over the shock of Ellsmere's faithlessness, she neither by word or look encouraged any one to take his place.

With all her reserved love of fun, she managed to avoid anything like love making from the men of the party. Indeed, so emphatically did she put her foot down upon anything approaching flirtation, that his lordship, insensibly to himself, slipped into a semi-paternal manner with her, and invariably addressed her as "my dear child."

Before the end of the fortnight he had resolved not to hurry matters for the present, and so spoil any chance he might have; he would wait with what patience he might until time had still further lessened the rankling soreness in the girl's heart.

But fate was too strong for him, and forced his hand in spite of his better judgment.

It happened that on the last day of the Brinktons' visit the whole party went out for a cruise in the "Bulrush." Before luncheon time the wind freshened so considerably that it was decided to go ashore and eat in peace on the beach instead of in discomfort on the wildly dancing little yacht.

Ainsworth and Gorst—the two sailors—and Lellie, went with the baskets in the first boat-load, intending to lay the luncheon ready against the arrival of the others.

"Now, don't get up to any mad freaks, you boys!" cried his lordship, who secretly disliked this division of the party. "Mind, I give Miss Brinkton into your care, and hold you responsible for her safety!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" they called back as they bent to their oars; and the next instant a shout of mad laughter from the whole crew floated back to the people on the yacht.

"Your exhortation has not made much impression, I'm afraid," said Hastie; then, seeing the anxious look on his host's face, he added goodnaturedly—"Don't worry about them, old man; they'll be right enough."

"Now you're the commander of this expedition, Miss Brinkton," cried Gorst, as he began to unstrap the baskets. "You give your orders, and Ainsworth and I will execute them."

"The others won't be here for a good half hour," said Ainsworth, turning round from watching the dingey on her way back to the yacht. "The tide is running in very strong. It's as much as Simmons can do to get the boat through the water."

Lellie demurred at first to sitting still and looking on, but she soon found that they were far more at home in laying a pic-nic cloth than she was, so she sat down on a rock and watched their operation admiringly.

In less than a quarter of an hour the table was laid, the bottle of wine submerged in a convenient pool, and a cunning little fire was cracking away merrily, and the kettle swung over it for the ladies' afternoon-tea. Then there was a pause in their labors, and they began to seek further occupation.

"Look—I told you so!" cried Ainsworth, pointing to where the dingey still laboured about half-way on her return journey to the rocking yacht. "They'll not be here for some time."

"I'm ravenous," murmured Gorst pathetically. "I wonder if it would be very greedy to begin without them?"

But Lellie would not hear of such a proceeding.

"Let us do something to pass the time, then you'll forget your hunger," she said. "I propose that we scramble up the face of the cliff and gather flowers enough to make bouquets for the whole party."

"Carried nem. con.!" cried Gorst.

But Ainsworth looked dubiously at the face of the cliff.

"I think it's a little too steep for you, Miss Brinkton," he said, critically examining it with his eye as he spoke. "You wait here, and we'll bring the flowers to you to arrange."

"Oh, no," she returned wilfully; "climbing the cliff will be half the fun!" And so they started, Ainsworth first, with his silk neckerchief knotted firmly through his belt, and so forming a loop for Lellie to pull herself up by, and Gorst coming behind as a rear-guard, with a basket slung across his shoulders to hold their floral harvest.

They went on and on, like the immortal hero in "Excelsior," their eyes ever upward, forgetting how rapidly the distance was increasing beneath them, until a faint shout from across the water caused them to look round.

As they did so they saw a huge lump of chalk detach itself from the face of the cliff just under them, and go bounding and rolling down the steep incline to the beach below. The two young men glanced at each other as the truth flashed across them. But half a minute since they had been standing on that very piece of cliff. Was their pathway back to the beach made impracticable by its displacement? If so, how were they to return? And again, if one part of the cliff had given way, why not another? For instance, this ledge on which they were standing, how long would it support their combined weight?

"By Jove," cried Gorst, instinctively tightening his hold round Lellie's waist, "what a height we've come! It'll be a nasty journey back."

"What's the matter with Mavis?" asked Ainsworth uneasily. "He looks desperately frightened."

Lellie, looking down from the ledge on which they were resting, saw the dingey rapidly nearing the shore under the combined efforts of Brinkton, Jim Gregson, and two of the yacht's crew. Even at that distance she could see how desperately they were pulling, and Lord Mavis was standing up in the stern with the tiller-lines in one hand, with the other he was frantically signalling to them, though what he wanted them to understand she could not make out. Her heart quickened a little nevertheless, for there was no mistaking the fear and horror of his gesticulations, and she did not feel any happier when she thought she distinguished the words, "Leep back—for Heaven's sake keep back!" come faintly across the water.

She looked at the young men. Ainsworth's face, gravely concerned, was scanning the way they had come; Gorst was looking up to the top of the cliff, not more than ten or fifteen feet above their heads. But such a fifteen feet!

To Lellie's troubled eyes there did not seem to be foothold for a fly between their present perch and the point above where the edge, with its fringe of bright flowers and waving grasses, stood out clear and brilliant against the vivid blue of the summer sky.

"I suppose we had better go back," she said carelessly. "They are signalling us to return to lunch, I expect."

Ainsworth looked down at her with keen admiration in his glance. He knew she was as convinced of the danger of their present position as they were, and pluck was the one quality he admired above all others in a woman.

"I think it will be easier for us to get up to the top than to go back the way we came," he responded, with elaborate nonchalance. "One of us will go first to see if the foothold is good, and the other will take you up."

"I am lighter than you, Ainsworth," said Gorst quickly. "Shall I make the attempt?"

"Yes; and be quick about it, or we shall be late for lunch, old man."

Lellie shuddered a little as Gorst unsling the basket from his shoulders, and she heard it go bounding from bush to ledge down the way they had come. The next moment she scarcely repressed a shriek of intense horror as Gorst made a spring from her side up the rock to a ledge above, and a huge lump of chalk broke away from under his feet, and left him for a moment literally hanging in mid-air, holding on to a large gorse-bush.

But he found fresh footing—like a veritable cat, it seemed to the watching girl—and in two minutes he had disappeared over the edge. The next instant his voice came down to them.

"Miss Brinkton, can't possibly manage it, I'm off for a rope to pull you up. Sha'n't be long," he said.

"Why can't we go back as we came?" asked Lellie presently.

"Because some of the cliff gave way under us just before we reached this ledge," Ainsworth answered quietly. "That's what Mavis must have been in such fear about. "You're not very frightened, are you?"

"I'm a little uncomfortable," she replied with a smile. "I'm getting the cramp in my limbs horribly, and I'm tremendously hungry."

"What a darling you are!" he said quietly. "Let me put my arm around you to steady you, and then you can ease your feet from their cramped position."

This operation was successfully performed, and then they sat silent for some minutes. Pressed back against the face of the cliff as they were, the ledge shut out the beach from their view.

They would hear occasional exclamations from the people below although they could not see them, and above them the larks were singing blithely.

At their feet, at a distance of a half mile or so from the shore, lay the yacht rolling indolently at her moorings, and Lellie saw the skipper on deck, shading his eyes from the glare of the mid-day sun, the better, she thought, to watch them.

Once during the silence she thought she heard another fall of cliff somewhere beneath them, followed by a sharp exclamation from the beach, and she began to wonder, in a stupid, half-dazed manner, whether the ledge they were resting on would be the next piece to go.

Ainsworth apparently found the silence irksome.

"Great heavens!" he burst out suddenly, "won't Mavis must-head us for this!"

In spite of the rising lump in her throat Lellie was obliged to laugh, and her laugh almost turned into hysterics as a head suddenly appeared from below, peering above the ledge on which they were.

The suddenness of the apparition almost took her breath away. At the first glance she hardly recognized in the panting, livid, blood-streaked face which seemed to have risen out of the very ground at her feet her usually sleek-headed host.

"Ainsworth," he said, in short, sharp, impressive jerks, "reach across and take this coil of line off my neck. You must climb to the top and fasten it to the railings you'll find there, and we must send Miss Brinkton up by it."

Without a word Ainsworth did as he was bidden, and Lellie, knowing how the difficulties of reaching the top must have been increased by the displacement which had followed Gorst's effort, shut her eyes resolutely as the young man left her side, that she might not unnerve him by an exclamation of fear.

As she sat thus, pressed back against the face of the cliff, she knew Lord Mavis was on the ledge at her side. She heard his labored breathing, and she was filled with a sudden compunction at all the trouble she had caused.

She put out her hand blindly, and was startled when it was seized tightly, and kissed again and again. She opened her eyes, and her astonishment at this demonstration of feeling was at once forgotten by the sight which met her gaze.

His hands were torn and bleeding freely, his shirt was ripped away at the collar, showing his bare throat, and his socks—he had no shoes on—were hanging footless around his ankles, showing his lacerated feet.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" she gasped. "Why are you so torn about?"

He smiled as he answered, and the smile was so at variance with the strained horror on his face that she felt her heart sink within her.

"It was rather a hard scramble," he said, "for you destroyed the path in places as you came up. I've had to pull myself up by my hands and feet here and there. This piece of cliff has been marked 'dangerous' for more than a year. Imagine my feelings when I saw you from the yacht half-way up, under the very spot where the danger-board stood out against the sky on the cliff-top. Now here comes the rope," he added, as the frail thread—it looked little more to Lellie—came dangling in the air towards them.

"Is there no other way?" she asked, eyeing the swaying cord with a terror she could not wholly hide.

"Do you think I would let you through this ordeal if there were any other way?" he asked in reply, holding both her hands closely in his, and looking reassuringly into her terrified eyes. "My darling," he whispered passionately, catching her abruptly to him, "don't look like that or you will unnerve me. I know you are a heroine at heart," he added, gently removing her hat as he spoke, "and you will do exactly what I wish. I'm going to blindfold you, and you must give me your word that you will not unloose the bandage until you are on level ground."

She looked up at him silently as he folded the handkerchief, with her hands tightly clasped across her aching throat. Very gently but very firmly he knotted the bandage round her head, and she felt the chord being wound round and round her. When this was finished he stooped and kissed her once on the lips. A desperate yearning kiss it was, and she felt as if he were bidding her good-bye for ever. But even now she would not give way; she stood motionless, awaiting the horror of the first swing out into the air.

"My little love," he said gently, "I give you into Heaven's good care."

That instant he gave the word "Go!" and she felt him steadying her as her feet left the ground slowly. Then for a brief space of time her physical fear paralysed her senses, and she fainted.

CHAPTER VII.

THEY were a very subdued party that evening at Maylands. Everybody was feeling more or less the reaction from the morning's excitement. Ainsworth and Gorst, the two who would in ordinary circumstances have first recovered their buoyancy, were too conscious of their host's smouldering displeasure to care to make themselves conspicuous by their high spirits. Lellie, who had obstinately refused to pose as an invalid, and had insisted upon coming down to dinner, sat in one of the deep window-recesses at the farther end of the drawing-room, watching the moon gradually assert her presence from out the slowly fading saffron of the lingering after glow. The girl was suffering from a certain languor, in spite of all her assertions to the contrary—a languor which caused perfect idleness to be the most congenial state of existence to her just then.

When the men came in from the dining-room, Lord Mavis spoke just a word to Mrs. Brinkton in passing, and then came on to her side.

She looked up and smiled as he stood by her, and he smiled back and laid his hand lightly and caressingly on her fair hair.

"The little heroine is fagged, after all," he said gently; "and she would give the world to be left quite alone in peace. I am sorry to be the disturbing cause, but I have something to say that must be said to-night."

"And so have I," she replied. "Words are such poor things"—she stopped for an instant with a quick catch in her breath that was suspiciously akin to a sob—"and yet they are all I have to give you."

"Hush, Lellie!" he whispered, drawing her head to his breast with a swift movement. "Put that silly notion of gratitude out of your head entirely, my dear. If you begin to fancy a lot of stuff about owing me anything, it may interfere with your honest answer to what I am going to ask you. You may think the question I shall put to you presently a little premature perhaps—I think so myself; but after betraying myself as I did under great pressure this morning, it is due to us both that I should express my meaning plainly. Has it ever occurred to you, Lellie, that I love you very dearly? Don't speak yet my child—let me finish what I have to say."

She had given an impetuous upward glance at his face, so gravely earnest and so pale in the growing twilight, but she sat still and silent in obedience to his request, waiting for him to go on.

"I am trying to find the best words in which to plead my cause," he continued, looking at her with his heart in his eyes; "and I find it difficult to say anything that shall not sound ridiculous coming from me to you. My age makes me diffident, you see. If you were a conventional creature I should make my request with confidence, feeling sure that my worldly possessions would go far towards making up for the disparity in our ages. But that sort of thing is impossible with you, and, even if it were possible, it would not satisfy me. My love for you is of that exacting nature that nothing less than a return in kind would content me. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you in the picture-gallery—loved you, not with a passing fancy, but with the accumulated passion of long, long loveless years. I shall not go upon my knees and swear I shall either die or go to the bad if you reject me, because I don't think I should do either; but you have it in your power to make my life very, very sweet to me in the future, dear, for you are more to me than ever woman was before or ever can be again. I'm not going to plague you with the reverse side of the picture, because I would not care to accept from pity what you cannot bestow from love. I think I've done; I don't ask you to answer me to-night; take a month to think it over—I can wait. I only spoke because of what happened on the rock this morning."

Lellie looked up then, and even in that uncertain light he saw large tears standing in her blue eyes.

"I would rather answer you now," she said softly, "because I would like to spare you as much pain as I could. What you ask is utterly impossible; put the idea quite away from you. I can never be your wife—I did not think of anything like this—I looked upon you as a friend of papa's." He moved irritably. With a woman's quick instinct she guessed his thought. "No," she said promptly; "your age has nothing to do with the matter; it is only that I have no love to give you." She rose and held out her hand to him. "Good night," she said. "Forget all about me—you can make up your mind to it."

He stood where she had left him for a few moments, and then he roused himself and resumed his duties as host, saying as he went—

"I refuse to accept this as a permanent defeat—it is only a repulse due to premature action."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLUNDERS OF THE TELEGRAPHERS.—Many blunders occur in the transmission of telegraph messages. The mistakes, as a rule, occur with the operator who receives the message, and it is generally on a busy wire over which two or three hundred messages are received daily. The wires between Philadelphia and New York do heavy work. Some of the errors quoted at the main office of the Western Union Company read as follows: "William Gill and Pie," for William Gillespie;" "Do not send the money" for "Do not send testimony;" "Meet me with hearse and carriage," which should have read, "Meet me with horse and carriage;" "Dr. A. Wing, room car conductor," instead of "Drawing-room car conductor;" "Pancake, Belts, and Co.," for "Hancock, Beals, and Co.;" "Reserve me a room in Astor House" read "Reserve me a room in store-house."

"I TELL yer, my frien's," said Brother Gardner, "when I come to realize jist what a queer piece ob clay we am, an' how much workin' ober we need to come out perfeck, I can't wonder ober de shoutin' an' hurrahin' in heaben when one ob us grown folks finds his way in."

Bric-a-Brac.

IN PERSIA.—Every Persian house is constructed upon a plan of secrecy. No windows are visible from the streets; but the interior is constructed around several courts, with lovely gardens, tanks, shrubbery, and even luxuriant groves of fruit and shade trees, of all of which one obtains not the slightest hint from the street.

BIG DISHES.—In the fifteenth century whales were constantly found on the royal table, as well as on that of the Lord Mayor of London. These monsters, or parts of them, were either roasted and served up on the spit, or boiled and sent in with pease. The tongue and tail were considered especially choice.

THE SACRED SNAKE.—A specimen of the *eibikari*, or sacred snake of Japan, in a collection at Watford, Eng., recently gave birth to between sixty and seventy young ones. Some fifty living and still-born snakelets were collected, and it was believed that at least a dozen more had been destroyed by other snakes in the cage. At ten days old the young ones had cast their skins and were beginning to eat earth-worms and small slugs. This is the first time this species has bred in Europe.

GOOD TASTE.—The queerest thing in Boston is the recent sale of a church without the tower, which latter is retained by the man who became the buyer under a mortgage. The reason is that this man thought that those who bought the church did not have sufficient æsthetic taste to prevent their tearing down the tower. Hence he keeps for himself about twenty square feet of land on which the tower is built and deeds all the rest of the land with the church building to the new congregation.

POWER OF MUSIC.—The ancients indeed record miracles, but none appear to be more so than the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever is removed by a song, and deafness is cured by a trumpet, and the pestilence is chased away by the sweetness of an harmonious lyre. That deaf people can hear best in a great noise, is a fact alleged by some moderns, in favor of the ancient story of curing deafness by a trumpet. Dr. Willis tells us, says Dr. Burney, of a lady who could hear only while a drum was beating, insomuch that her husband, the account says, hired a drummer as her servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation.

BOOKS.—The preservation of dead bodies is the subject of an article in a recent magazine, and in it the writer queries "What preservation was used and how was it applied?" In a number of cases it thus cites: The body of Edward I, who died in 1307, was found not decayed 463 years subsequently. The flesh on the face was a little wasted, but not putrid. The body of Canute, who died in 1017, was found fresh in 1776. Those of William the Conqueror and his wife were perfect in 1562. In 1550 three Roman soldiers, in the dress of their country, fully equipped with arms, were dug out of a peat of moss near Aberdeen. They were quite fresh and plump after a lapse of about 1500 years. In 1717 the bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her infant were embalmed. In 1796 they were found so perfect that it was difficult at a little distance to distinguish whether they were alive or dead.

SMALL WRITING.—The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be enclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in the space of a foot and a half.

ODD WAYS.—The Maldivian islanders of the Pacific eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat: he fears that another with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. The ideas of witchcraft are also widely spread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown among their victuals. In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian islander, another reason may be alleged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life. On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured that, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

WILL SHE FORGET?

BY L. W.

I watched her clear cut cameo face
  Against the crimson curtain's fold;
The gaslight glimmers on the gold
Of tresses twined with classic grace.

The season's beauty, do you say?
  Indeed, I see she holds a court
  Whose smiles and jests and quick retort
Keep her from listening to the play.

Why should she heed the twice-told tale
  Of faithful love upon the stage?—
  She knows full well in this, our age,
Wealth and ambition turn the scale.

I?—Oh, I loved her once—long since—
  A year, a century ago—
  Before I went abroad, you know;
But I was neither peer nor prince.

And so we parted. Here to-night
  By chance I see her; and again
  With throb and thrill of sudden pain
I feel my heart stir at the sight.

The drama ends. Ah, fair coquette!
  Folded in furs she quits her place;—
  If I should see her face to face,
Would she remember or forget?

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—[CONTINUED.]

"DO you think that because you have made me rich that you have a right to lie to me?" she asked sternly and coldly, looking at him with dark, proud eyes, as she stood erect like a young queen, her long white gown falling around her in richest folds.

"To lie to you," he repeated very haughtily.

"Yes, to lie to me. Do you not know that I would rather to-night be married to a man who worked hard for his daily bread, and whom I could honor and esteem, than to you, whom I cannot, Heaven help me, either honor or esteem?"

"Maud!"

"Ah," she lifted her hand with an imperative gesture enforcing silence. "Is it not true? Have you not deceived me? Oh, Ivor"—all the hardness melted out of her face as she held out both her little trembling hands to him in a movement of intense supplication, "tell me that you were deceived, and I will bless you."

She was moved and trembling now; she was no longer a young queen.

She was a loving, trembling woman, wounded in her warmest affections, longing to give back her trust to him who already possessed her love in so full a measure.

He looked at her in silence for a moment; he did not touch the little, outstretched shaking hands.

"Of what do you accuse me?" he said in a low tone of pain.

"I—I accuse you of nothing," she answered piteously, her hands falling at her sides, her attitude full of shame and distress; "how can I? Ivor, if you ever loved me—if you ever loved me, have pity and tell me that it was not true; that when he said it he spoke falsely; that you did not know, when you married me, that Arnold Graeme lived."

They were spoken at last: the words which he had dreaded, and which she could not bear to speak.

It had come, that which had haunted him so ceaselessly ever since he had married, which had been the one thorn in his rose, the crumpled rose-leaf in his sybarite couch.

It had come; some strange accident in that group about the Duchess had told her that which he had never found courage to tell; that which he had concealed so successfully until now; that which he himself had known since the eve of his wedding-day.

And yet, even in his anguish that she should know his falsehood to her, there mingled a strange sense of relief.

It had been so irksome to him to have a secret from her, to know that there was something hidden in his soul from her, to feel that with all his great love he was a traitor to her, to recall it every time he looked at the ring upon her finger.

She sank down into the nearest chair, her dress itself not more colorless than her face, the diamonds glittered in the candlelight, reflecting back a thousand brilliant flashes of light and color.

"When did you know it?" she asked, her voice cold, and stern, and clear, breaking the silence, and striking upon his heart like a blow.

He raised his head and looked at her with a passion of appeal, a very agony of longing in the dark eyes which she loved so well, and whose smile had made her sunshine.

She was not looking at him, although her face was addressed towards him, it was white and set still carven in stone.

"I knew it the night before we were married," he said in a strangled voice.

"The night before we were married," she repeated slowly. "And knowing it you ——"

She paused, shuddering and shaking from him, with a strange gesture of repulsion.

All these months his life had been a lie, a living lie, unspoken perhaps, yet acted, breathed, lived.

Maud felt that never again could she be happy with such a knowledge darkening her life: it seemed to her that it would always eat into her heart like a flame of fire; all her wild love for her husband seemed to be dead and cold, and if it were only stunned, Maud was not able just then to realize that.

She rose suddenly from her chair with a gesture of intolerable pain and anger.

"How could you?" she cried out passionately. "How could you? I trusted you."

"And I loved you," he said, with equal passion, as he made a step towards her, but paused immediately as he saw her sudden shrinking from him, at sight of which it seemed as if his heart turned cold within him. "Maud, listen; nay, but you shall hear me," he cried forcibly, and guilty in her sight though he was, she paused in her movement to leave the room, and stood leaning against the wall, pallid as death, but quite calm, in her sweeping velvet robes. "Maud, is there no excuse for me?" he said passionately. "I had loved you so long, and I felt that you loved me. I know it, indeed, and we were so unhappy, both of us. You suffered as much, if not more than I did myself, and I longed to put an end to your suffering; you were resolved, you were determined to keep the promise you had made, a promise Graeme would never have claimed from you, would never have allowed you to fulfil. You would not listen to me, even while you longed to do so."

He paused for a moment, then went on in a husky, strained voice of pain.

"That day, you remember it, my darling, when you told me that you loved me, that you would always love me, but that you were resolved to destroy both our lives by keeping your troth to him; that day, my dearest, when I saw you bowed and miserable, when you sent me from you, though the effort to do so almost broke your heart; on that day, Maud, when I held you in my arms, with your fainting head upon my shoulder, and left you, I was mad and rash enough to have done any evil deed to win you. But after a few hours I was calmer; I resolved to go away from Berkeley, to leave you, to try and forget you, even while I knew the effort was vain; it on that night, dear, they brought me Mr. Clifford's letter and the ring. You saw the letter, dearest child; you read it yourself, and it left no doubt but that the unhappy life was over; and I was glad, even while I mourned for him, glad that, at last, I could fulfil your sister's last wishes to me, and take care of you."

He paused, with a strange feeling in his throat, as if the lump there would rise and choke him.

She stood still and motionless, her face averted from him, the glitter of diamonds about her throat and her hair.

"You remember the days that followed, Maud, the days when, after long grief and pain, we were together once more. I know that to me, and I think to you, the peace of those days was like heaven itself the storms which had shaken us both. And then—oh, Maudie! shall we ever forget, either of us, with what mingled happiness and pain we looked forward to the change coming into our lives, happiness that we were to be together always and never separated, and pain that you were leaving the father you loved so tenderly? And on the eve, the very day before the one on which you were to give yourself to me, a letter came from Graeme telling me that he lived still."

"Ah!"

"Maud, could any words of mine depict the agony of that moment; you were mine, and I must give you up? Had the letter tarried but a few short hours longer, it would have come too late to separate us. I think I was mad that night," he broke out passionately, thinking how he had fought against the temptation which had conquered him at last. "To hold you almost in my arms, and then to lose you. I could not do it. I could not condemn us both to such misery. Besides, he did not wish it. In the letter he said he had seen in some English paper the announcement of our approaching marriage, and that it had made him glad and happy, and he bade me not tell you that he lived unless it would make you happier, and I, fearing to lose you, obeyed him and kept silence."

"Fearing to lose me," she echoed with a touch of bitter scorn. "Fearing to lose me. You knew then, that if I knew he lived, I would have been true to him."

"I feared it," he answered sadly. "I feared you would persist in breaking my heart and yours, Maud. I believe in my heart — nay your father himself said as much—that a few more months of the life you were living would have killed you."

"Would that they had—would that they had," she moaned, turning her face to the wall and resting it upon her arm there. "I should have been spared the bitterest sorrow my life could know—the knowledge of your unworthiness."

"Maud!"

"Of your unworthiness," she repeated, lifting her head and flashing a look of intense anger upon him. "I loved you, I trusted you, I believed in your truth as I believe in Heaven, and you are false—false, base, despicable; you made me your wife by a lie; you deceived me most cruelly."

There was truth in her words, which added to their sting and held him silent. Whether his motive were a good one or not he had deceived her.

"That night," she went on brokenly, "when I asked you to let me wear the ring I had given to him in pledge of a troth I would never have broken unless you had made me do it by fraud—you might have told me that he lived—you might have urged the excuses you have offered me now, and I might have thought that you were tempted beyond your strength; but to live with me for months in closest communion, and keep silent on a subject which concerned me so nearly, tacitly to let me believe a lie, that is what I can never forgive—never."

"Then all our future lives are to be embittered by this?" he exclaimed sadly. "All my love and tenderness are as nought in your sight. You do not care for me enough to forgive a silence which I kept as much because he wished it as because I feared for you. I, your husband, am nothing to you in comparison to this man who, though he loved you well, could not have loved you more deeply than I love you. His sacrifice, great as it was, I would have made for you as freely as he did."

A bitter, mocking laugh came from her lips.

"A sacrifice. You?" she echoed. "You are as incapable of sacrifice as of the truth."

At this intolerable insult his pale face flushed suddenly, then grew very pale again.

He bit his lip to keep back the angry words she had almost forced from him; there was silence for a brief space between them.

She stood erect, drawn to her full height; once more the trembling, loving woman had disappeared in the outraged majesty of a proud young sovereign.

She looked, notwithstanding her pallor, very beautiful, even terrible in her beauty: her husband stood silent, his head bent forward on his breast.

"Where is he now?" she asked.

He looked up at her questioningly, not knowing for a brief moment whom she meant.

"Do you mean Arnold Graeme?" he said wearily.

"Yes, the man whom you betrayed," she answered wildly.

"He is in Spain still."

"He knows, you tell me, that I was false to him."

"He knows that you are my wife. Yes."

"He writes to you?"

"Yes."

"Have you told him—does he know—that I thought him dead?"

He bowed his head.

"Ah, he was always generous," she said with passionate pain. "He will forgive—even you."

The bitter contempt of her voice stung him, he lifted his head and looked at her with mute reproach in his eyes.

"Maud, how harsh you are," he said sadly.

"Hard!" she exclaimed passionately. "Is is not rather you who have been hard? Oh, think what his life has been, and compare it with yours. He has always been lonely, solitary, poor, you have been wealthy, honored, great. He sacrificed himself,—gave up his prospects, his art, all he held dear,—for me, and I would have been glad to reward that sacrifice, but you have put it out of my power. I was all he had, and you took me from him. Ah, how bitter it is to think that I am bound to you,—that I am helpless to cheer his loneliness and make his life less hard!"

"You, who are so compassionate to him, have you no pity to spare for me, Maud?" he said bitterly but very sadly, with almost hopeless despair in his voice. "Do you think I have not suffered, too?—do you think those months have been as happy as they have seemed? Often and often I have longed to tell you the truth, but that I was right in concealing it from you I see too plainly now. The one great mistake I made was this," he added with a touch of passion, "I thought you loved me, but now I know that you loved only him, and that the wrong I did you was immeasurably greater than the one I thought I had done you."

She made no answer, but looked at him for a moment with intense scorn in her beautiful, proud face.

"If I had known," he went on brokenly, "that your love was his, I would not have urged you to make so great a sacrifice; since you loved him, we need not have feared that life abroad with him, even though it were exile, would be irksome to you. Why were you so frank with me, Maudie? Had you been, you might have found that he was not the only one who could be generous! As I told you, I would have made it easy for you, my dear, you should have gone to him."

"So, you judge me by yourself," she said white with passion, as she pressed both her hands to her heart; "you think me capable of falsehood, because you are so; you believe that when I said that I loved you, I spoke falsely; that I married you for the wealth, and rank, and position you could give me. Ah," she turned passionately away, and falling into a chair, bowed her head upon her hands, "do you think if I had not loved you, the thought of your treachery would grieve me as it does now? Do you think I should feel as if life could hold no happy hour for me, henceforward forever? If I had not loved you, I could console myself with the rich gifts you have given me, with these, and these, and these."

She touched the velvet and fur of her gown, and the diamond stars about her throat.

"But I loved you, and life can hold no more bitter sorrow than to love unworthily."

The broken words died away on the air, a silence followed, heavy and oppressive; outside, the night was wearing on, and the stars were glittering with almost a frosty lustre in the sky.

In the dainty, fragrant room the earl stood motionless on the hearth, looking at the bowed figure with the furred velvets falling around it, and the Dereham diamonds round the throat.

Much as he loved her, living in closest union as they had been, Lord Dereham even now did not understand his wife thoroughly.

Perhaps this very secret, which he had kept from her, had something to do with this, since it had prevented entire confidence between them.

He did not guess, even now, the depths of Maud's sorrow; he did not imagine that her grief was even greater than her anger: that it was her anguish that he should have deceived her which made her words so bitter and so harsh.

It seemed to her that she could more easily have pardoned any sin against herself than this against Arnold Graeme.

It seemed to him that she could not cherish resentment against him for long; that the memory of their love for each other, of the happy hours they had passed together, would soften her heart; but he was wrong.

Those memories, so dear to him, only angered her yet more deeply, only made her feel how deeply she had been betrayed.

He could not realise this; he could not understand that her very love for him, in its greatness, made her anger and her anguish all the more intense.

"Maud," he said at last, in a low voice, full of pain and love. "Once, not very long ago, you said that nothing could come between us! Are you going to let this do so? If I sinned against you.—ah, I did sin, I am not going to deny it,—I suffered; and I entreat your forgiveness! My darling, if you think a little you will see how sorely I was tempted. If the letter had come a few weeks, even a few days, earlier, I might have found courage to tell you the truth, but it came on the eve of our wedding! I could not put away the cup from my lips! I could not find it in my heart to inflict wretchedness upon us both! Oh, my dearest,"—he went to her side, but she shrank away from him into the depths of her armchair,—"be merciful! Forgive me, and let things be as they were between us before you knew!"

"Were you merciful to him?" the unhappy woman said wildly, despairingly, heart-brokenly.

"Yes; in his hour of need," the earl said boldly; "I was good to him, Maud, for your sake! Remember that in our judgment now."

She was silent, her face was still bowed upon her hands, and hidden from him.

"I have kept the letters, Maud," the young man went on earnestly. "You shall see them. You shall see that he left me free to follow my own judgment, to tell you if I deemed it wise, to keep it from you if I thought, as he did, better. Is it a reason for anger against me, my child, that I followed his wishes?"

"That you took advantage of his generosity is no plea for pardon," she said scornfully, rising erect and looking at him with proud cold eyes, in which was no pity, only scorn and contempt. "Say no more. What is done cannot be undone. Nothing—ah, me!—nothing can free us from each other, I fear. A falsehood is no reason for divorce, I fear, and——"

"You fear?" he said sharply, staggering slightly, almost as if struck by a heavy hand.

"Yes, I fear," she said passionately. "Do you think there can be any happiness in a life lived out by your side now——"

"Will you not forgive me, Maud?" he pleaded. "My darling, my darling! I loved you! I loved you! Let that love be my apology, and let it be a powerful one."

He advanced towards her with outstretched hands, but she turned from him haughtily, and moved towards the arched entrance leading to her bedroom.

"Maud, forgive," he said passionately. "I love you."

"Nay," she answered bitterly. "You can deceive me no longer. That is enough. I will forgive when I can forget."

She passed out of the room into the adjoining one, and as he stood there alone, it seemed as if with the departure of that radiant, glittering figure a sudden darkness had fallen upon the place.

For a few minutes he stood hesitating, trembling even a little in his pain, and pale as death; then he turned, and with a slow, somewhat unsteady step, crossed the threshold, closing the door behind him as he went.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE early spring dawn peeping in through the drawn curtains of Lady Dereham's windows, found her lying, wide-eyed and sleepless, upon her pillows, as she had lain during the long night, her face, colorless as the pillows themselves, framed in her loosened golden hair.

When she had left her husband on the previous night, she had sat for some time silent and motionless, exhausted by the passion and suffering of the last hour, almost too spent for thought or reason, but not too prostrate for suffering.

The thought of her husband's deception was horrible to her. Had she loved him less, she might have more easily forgiven him for keeping the secret from her: but she loved him with so great a love, she had given him such unswerving faith, such perfect trust, that the thought of the deception seemed to have stunned her. She had made him her idol, setting him up so high

in the innermost shrine of her heart, honoring him with so sincere an honor that the discovery that the idol whom she had thought of pure gold had feet of clay, bowed her to the very earth. It seemed to kill all her love for her husband, to change it into contempt and distaste, to deaden it into indifference, almost; but in reality the love was only stunned and latent, it was not dead; by-and-by it would awaken again, and perhaps bring more poignant suffering; but just now she was capable but of one wish—never to see him again.

Her pity for Arnold, whose life still continued in loneliness and sorrow, was intensified a thousand fold when she remembered that while she, bound to him by her own promise so freely given, had been living in the most extreme luxury and enjoying every pleasure wealth could procure, he had been in solitude, in poverty, perhaps in sickness.

It hurt her cruelly; she longed to go to him, to assure him that she had been faithless only through ignorance, that had she known that he lived, she would never have married the earl.

She longed even now, wedded wife though she was, to make his life happier at any cost to herself.

As the dawn broke in through the eastern sky, and little streaks of light crept in through the interstices of the curtains, she rose from her pillows and drew aside the curtains to admit the day, although as she did so she shrank away from the light as if it had hurt her, and she thought bitterly what a change had taken place in her since the preceding dawn, when the daylight had seemed so beautiful, and the herald of happy hours and mutual love.

Now, all that was over, there were no happy hours, no love in the future which stretched out before her, only loneliness, and sorrow, and regret.

She looked around her beautiful rooms with wistful, haggard eyes.

She had enjoyed their beauty and their luxury, but they had been dear to her for the sake of the love and taste which had presided over their adornment.

She glanced at the ornaments upon her dressing-table; there was hardly one of them which had not some history about it to make it dear and precious.

The mirror which they had bought in Venice; the glittering Bohemian glass which had been another purchase; the ivory-backed brushes with her initials and her coronet in gold upon them; the pretty, carved, ivory glove casket, open, displaying the piles of many-hued gloves which they had bought in Paris together; the dainty, chased frame with the delicate silken curtains drawn partly across, which held her husband's photograph.

She could not turn her eyes anywhere without meeting with some token of his love and tenderness and care.

Yet they did not soften her; she thought of them with passionate horror, with a wild despair, not with the love and tenderness which they at one time would have awakened in her.

She rang for Harwood, who came somewhat startled at so early a summons, and when she had tried the refreshment of cold water and was dressed, she felt fresher and less languid, and more equal to the course of conduct she had traced for herself.

When the maid had completed her toilet, she sent her downstairs for some tea, and went into the little sitting-room opening into her dressing-room.

Here again signs and tokens of her husband's great love were not wanting; the artistic and beautiful furniture of the pretty room was the earl's own choice; the writing-table standing between the windows was a marvel of beauty and convenience. Ivor's love had spared nothing in his choice of the writing implements for his wife's use, and they were not only costly and beautiful, but chosen with such evident knowledge of her taste and preference, as could only be possessed by one who had closely studied both.

Maud went over to window which overlooked the park, and stood there looking out, but seeing little of the scene before her.

The wood fire on the hearth was beginning to burn up; the morning was clear and fine, but cold as May mornings often are.

In the park the trees were fully clothed in their fair spring dress, but it was too early for even the earliest equestrian to be enjoying his or her morning canter! in the streets sound and movement were just becoming general; one or two tradesmen's carts went by noisily, some cabs with luggage hurrying to catch an early train.

Presently a groom came up leading a riding horse, and Maud's heart beat quickly as she recognized it as her husband's favorite mare.

Evidently the earl too had a restless night and was going to try the refreshment of an early ride.

Half withdrawn behind the curtains Maud waited until the earl appeared; he stood for a moment on the pavement as he drew on his riding gloves, then sprang into the saddle, took his whip from the groom's hand, and rode away, and the passing glance Maud had of his face showed her that he was very pale, and looked worn and haggard.

She turned away from the window with a chill at her heart, and went over to the writing-table.

Although the sight of him had moved her, although her hands were shaking and her eyes dim as she sat down before the table, it did not stir her from her purpose for a moment.

She only felt that this early absence from home would enable her to carry out her plans more easily; she drew the writing materials towards her, and dipped her pen in the ink.

Five minutes slipped away, five more followed, the ink dried on her pen, but she had not written a word when Harwood came in with some tea, and Maud turned rather eagerly to receive it.

On the pretty Indian tray, beside the dainty tea equipage, were some letters brought by the first post, and when the maid had gone into the adjoining bedroom, Maud caught them up eagerly and opened them.

Not that she was curious as to their contents, but the letters would give her the pretext she sought; one of them had a black-edged envelope: it was fortunate, the girl thought, drinking her tea thirstily, for her lips were parched and dry, Harwood would think that this morning letter contained a peremptory summons which could not be disregarded or delayed; she wished to spare her husband any gossip or scandal, if it were possible.

She summoned Harwood, who came in quickly to find her mistress standing by the writing-table, the black-edged letter in her hand.

"I have had bad news, Harwood," Maud said quietly. "I am obliged to go away immediately. Put up a few things for me, and send to order a cab, there is no time for a carriage, and"—she turned away her face—"see if the earl is up yet."

The maid went hurriedly away. Maud sat down by the table and took up the pen, which she had laid down unused a few minutes before.

She must write a few lines to her husband, and she could hardly have found a more difficult task.

It would have been easier, she thought with a faint, bitter smile, to have signed her own death warrant.

She held the pen poised over the paper in deep thought for a few moments; she tried to force her mind to the effort, to compel her hand and will to obey her, and after a few moments she succeeded, forcing herself only to write a few cold words, so that no anxiety as to her absence might effect her husband; and yet, however she wrote she felt that he would be anxious.

"After what passed between us last night," she wrote, "life together, lived side by side as husband and wife should live, would be impossible. Between us there would ever be the memory of your deception. I have no further reproach for you; perhaps you acted as you deemed wisest, but my life was over with my trust in you. I am going away. You need have no anxiety about me; you need not try to induce me to change my decision, it is irrevocable. Life with you now would be unendurable. Besides, I could not be rich while he is poor. I think I need hardly say that, so far as I am concerned, your name shall not suffer. Your servants think I am going home to Berkeley. You need not undeceive them or the world. Our union, with such a memory between us, could not fail to be an unhappy one. For your goodness to me you have my thanks. If you can forget—and forgetfulness is easy to some—there must be many happy years before you. Farewell!"

All her heart melted towards him in passionate love as she wrote that last word; he had been so good to her, so tender.

The whole room seemed for a moment full of his kind voice, his kind smile, his happy laugh!

With a passionate movement she caught up the letter and pressed it passionately to her lips, and two great tears rose, slow and full, into her beautiful eyes and rolled slowly over her colorless cheeks.

As they splashed down upon the pretty paper, with its dainty coronet and monogram, her weakness passed.

She folded and addressed the letter, and was her calm self again when Harwood returned with a message that his lordship has gone out early for a long ride; he would not be home till noon.

"That is unfortunate," Maud said curtly. "Hasten with your preparations, Harwood; I have but little time—just the merest necessities in my traveling bag."

"Am I to accompany you, my lady?" the maid asked quietly.

If she thought this sudden departure strange, nothing in the well-trained servant's tone or manner showed it.

"There would be no room for you in my father's house, Harwood," Maud said quietly. "His lordship will give you your orders through Mrs. Gillett, probably. Is the cab here?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Is the bag ready?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Take it downstairs, then," the countess said quietly still, with so perfect a composure that Harwood wondered if there were anything wrong, or whether the black-edged letter—which, of course, had not escaped her sharp eyes, really had brought the summons which was taking her mistress away.

"But before you go give me a traveling coat and hat! No, not those," she continued sharply, when Harwood brought a dainty, coquettish garment in satin and plush, with a hat to match which had been the latest triumph of a west-end fournisseur. "Something plainer, since I am traveling alone. Yes, those will do," she said, when Harwood had carried away the rejected garments, and brought in their stead a plain, tailor-made, brown cloth coat and neat little toque to match. "Leave them there, and take the bag down, and I will follow."

She spoke calmly and quietly, without a trace in her manner of agitation or distress, but when the maid had left her, her face changed from calmness to despair, and for a minute or two she stood still, pressing her hands to her heart as if she had some pain there which caught her breath, and made respiration difficult.

Then rousing herself suddenly, she walked rapidly through the suite of rooms, looking round them with wistful eyes, and into her husband's dressing-room beyond.

It was a very plain room compared to her's, for the earl was simple in his habits, and not at all self-indulgent.

On the dressing-table was a bunch of violets he had worn in his button-hole on the previous day; over the mantel-piece was poor Arnold Graeme's portrait of herself, which had been Doctor Kinsley's wedding gift to Ivor.

As her eyes rested on it her face hardened again, for it reminded her at once of the wrong which had been done the painter, and she turned as if to leave the room, then, woman-like, melted again, caught up the violets from the little crystal cup, pressed them to her lips, and hid them in her bosom and turned away.

If she had given herself any time to think, if she had paused even for an hour to consider what was right, she would not have persisted in her wild resolve, she would have seen her duty more clearly; she would have realized that no conduct of her husband could absolve her from her vows to him; that whether he had deceived her or not she still owed him obedience, patience, forbearance.

She would have known that she had not exiled him from her heart, that he was as dear to her as he had ever been; she would have understood that life without him now would be unendurable.

But Maud was very young, very impulsive, very passionate, she did not pause to think.

She only felt that after what had passed between them on the previous night she could not meet him again, that they could not live as they had lived, and that any other existence together—the semi-attached existence of so many couples for instance—was impossible.

She had formed no plans, she did not know where she was going, or what she was going to do when she left the shelter of her husband's roof.

She had money, but only a little, for she would take with her only what was her own, what her father had given her before leaving Ivyholme.

The earl had been generous to lavishness where she was concerned, but she would not take away any of his money.

She knew that she could not go back to Berkeley, that she could not give the gossips of the county town such food for talk as the spectacle of the Countess of Dereham returning alone and unattended to her father's house, which she had left under such very different circumstances.

She had no near and dear friend whom she could trust.

Perhaps even if she had she would not have gone to them, she felt as if she could have confided in no one just then, although she felt strangely lonely and solitary.

Her life during the last few months had been so surrounded by care and tenderness, her every wish had been forestalled, so that she had almost lost her old independence.

She felt with a little sinking at the heart that she would not be able now to undergo the strain upon her nerves, which she had borne two years ago, that she would have sunk under it.

Ah, would the misery Bertie's cowardice had entailed upon them never end? Would it always follow them with its blighting influence, its wretchedness and falsehood?

It seemed to Maud that it was as fresh and strong as ever when, in the clear, cold sunshine of the spring morning, she left her husband's house, not knowing where she was going, only anxious to put as great a distance as might be between her and the man whom she loved with so great a love—between her and her husband!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE lilac were all in blooom in the old garden at Ivyholme, the laburnum trees were hanging their graceful golden tassels amid the delicate green leaves; the air was full of fragrance, the land, of beauty.

Spring, which was lovely in the London parks, was lovelier still here in the country, and Millie Harrison, standing at the drawing-room window at Ivyholme, looking out at the fair, old-fashioned garden, thought that her lines had fallen in pleasant places, and that Ivyholme was a far more agreeable residence than the big gloomy house in Russell Square, where she had passed most of her life, even though Russell Square was in London, and within easy reach of most of the theatres which she had missed not a little during the winter months.

Doctor Harrison and his daughter had come to live at Ivyholme when Maud became Countess of Dereham.

Very soon after Joe Kirby's unfortunate death, Doctor Blake had left Berkeley; his departure had been somewhat sudden, and although Doctor Kinsley had never heard so from his beautiful daughter, he had fancied and with some justice that she had been concerned in the young man's sudden decision to leave Ivyholme.

These suspicions decided him on giving up an assistant, and advertising for a partner, on whose maturer age Maud's beauty would have no effect, and on whose experience he himself could place more reliance.

Doctor Harrison answered the advertisement; he was a man slightly over middle age, who had practiced for many years, more or less successfully, in London, but who, on the death of a most tenderly loved wife, found his home unbearable, and resolved to leave the metropolis.

On their very first meeting, Doctor Kinsley was greatly attracted by the candor, simplicity, and evident erudition of the London physician, and he was thoroughly pleased when Doctor Harrison agreed to become his partner, and settle in Berkeley, while, when Maud married, the arrangement that Doctor Harrison and his pretty Millicent should live at Ivyholme was a very satisfactory one for all parties, and relieved Maud of much anxiety about her father.

The two doctors were on the most cordial terms; they had naturally a hundred tastes in common.

They liked the same books and followed the same pursuits, and if they differed in opinion, as even doctors will sometimes, a little argument added a zest to their intercourse when too much harmony might have become insipid.

Millicent, her father's darling, was soon a great favorite with Doctor Kinsley; she was pretty, and bright, and sweet, and her youth and prettiness filled the quiet old rooms with just the sunshine they wanted.

Dinner, which at Ivyholme was taken at the hour—a primitive one—of six, was over, the coffee had been served, and the two doctors had hurried off to some important case in which they were much interested; Millie, in the pretty drawing-room, which had lost a little of its individuality since Maud had left home, was just feeling a little solitary and wishing the rectory girls would come over, as they often did in the evening, and that one of their brothers would escort them, when she heard wheels swiftly approaching, then stop suddenly, to be followed by hurried steps coming up the pathway to the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SACRED ASH.—One of the most valuable of trees is the ash. Its timber is elastic, tough and durable. It is called the "husbandman's tree" on account of the great variety of household and agricultural implements that are made of it. It used also to be called "the martial ash," because weapons of war were formed of its light, yet tough wood.

Whether on account of its manifold uses, its general diffusion in almost every variety of situation, or the striking appearance of its rough, vigorous trunk and gray-green foliage, it has been regarded from the remotest period with the greatest veneration. It was a tree of good omen.

Pliny says that if a serpent is so surrounded by a fence of ash leaves that he cannot escape, except by passing through fire, he will prefer the fire to the leaves. Mothers used to suspend the cradles of their sleeping children from the boughs while working in the fields, that the shadows of the tree might protect them from noxious creatures; while in Scotland in old times a sprig of ash placed above the bed was supposed to guard the sleeper from evil.

Like the rowan, it was planted around homesteads to protect them from wicked spirits; and the magnificent old ashes which still survive in such situations bear witness to the hereditary superstitions so long associated with the tree. It requires good land, and usually flourishes in the finest situations in villages and on farms, thus giving rise to the old proverb, "May your footfall be by the root of an ash tree."

In Norway and Sweden it is considered the most remarkable of all trees. It is emphatically Odin's tree; its wood is the most noble of all wood, for out of it was fashioned the shaft of the spear and the mast of the ship. From one of its twigs, whose extremities are peculiarly flattened and expanded like the bone of the human arm, the sons of Odin created the first man, who was called Aska, the word ash meaning man. In ancient Scandinavian literature it was associated with the most extraordinary of all forms of tree-symbolism. Under the name of Yggdrasil, or the "Tree of Existence," it occupies the most prominent place in northern mythology.

HOW VALENTINES ARE MADE.—A factory in Brooklyn has, during the past ten months, turned out 15,000,000 comic and 5,000,000 sentimental valentines. The first floor of the factory is occupied by paper cutting and embossing machines. The paper on which valentines are printed is received from the manufacturer direct, and is not in condition for use. It must be cut in pieces 4x2½ feet, and on which are stamped sixteen comic valentines. After being cut the paper is taken to the second floor and printed. On the sixth or top floor half a dozen artists draw the pictures used in valentines and toy books. After a drawing is made and photographed the negative is coated with a solution and exposed to the sun. The negative is again coated, this time with lithographic ink, and placed in a basin of water barely deep enough to cover it. The ink is washed off, except that part of the plate on which the drawing has been photographed. The negative is then ready for the etcher. After the drawing has been etched on a zinc plate it is ready for the press. The operation by which rough zinc is made smooth is interesting. The zinc is placed under movable emery papers, which are changed half-hourly. These papers vary from hard to soft. The constant friction of the emery wears away the zinc, so that in time it becomes as smooth as glass. Seven papers, differing in quality and thickness, are used in the operation.

DREAMS.

BY M. MACMILLAN.

Nay! Let them dream their dream of perfect love:
It is the sweetest feeling, the most fair,
This flower-like joy that blooms in the soft air
Of Youth's bright heart, with Hope's blue heaven above.

Breathe naught of disenchantment: do not bring
Misgiving to the bliss of blended souls,
The while Life's brimming river golden rolls
Through primrose-lighted uplands of the spring.

The blossoms of Eternity lie furled
In the dim kindling buds of dreams that keep
A fluttering pulse within Time's broken sleep:
Dreams are not idle; dreams have saved the world.

And therefore to the many heights afar
Our lowland eyes that yearn and dream we lift,
And to the isle-like mists that round them drift,
And to the moon, and to the morning star.

FORTUNE'S HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII—(CONTINUED.)

"YOUR poor aunt Keren 'll want you, Yolande," she hears Mrs. Sarjent going on in rather a severe argumentative tone. "She's growing very feeble; and at her time o' life too she's not fit to meet trouble. You must think of her, you know, more than of yourself; and your poor uncle too, if ever he rises off his bed again, or isn't paralysed, or a regular invalid for the rest of his days——"

"You needn't look altogether at the black side of things, mother," remonstrates Wilmot. "Uncle Silas will get about again, please goodness; and I hope things are not quite so bad with him as they seem just now. Uncle Silas has had heavy losses in the City, cousin," he explains hurriedly to Yolande, who is looking from one to the other, breathless, wild-eyed, cold with apprehension of some unknown fresh misfortune. "Things have been going wrong with him for some time; some speculation ——"

"Which no one with an ounce of sense ought ever to have looked at," interposes Mrs. Sarjent sharply.

"Well, we hadn't an ounce of sense—neither uncle Silas nor I," her son says impatiently; "for we did look at it, and dabbled in it—worse luck!—only he'd a great deal more than I—and we both lost."

"Yes; and you may thank your mother you didn't lose ten times what you did!" Mrs. Sarjent says, with stern satisfaction.

"Has uncle lost all?" Yolande asks, almost prepared to be angry with them for the terror they have made her feel during these last few moments.

It is only a money loss after all—only an unlucky City speculation—some thousands of pounds perhaps.

As if that mattered to a rich man like uncle Silas!

Perhaps they may even have to retrench—give up this large house and dispense with the carriage and horses for a year or two. Well, what matter?

But Dallas? She had thought of surrounding him with every luxury and comfort; she had thought of seeing him master of this fine establishment.

Her womanly fancy and imagination have sketched out a thousand pleasant schemes which have Dallas for their centre; and loss of money may mean loss of all these.

"Has uncle lost much?" she asks, sighing.

"Ah!" Mrs. Sarjent answers emphatically. "No, Wilmot—there's no use in trying to gloss and smooth it over!"—as her son looks at her with a reproachful glance. "When a thing has to be faced, let it be faced, I say, and no shilly-shally about it! Your uncle's lost a frightful lot of money, Yolande, and that's the plain truth; and you'd best know it at once, and be sure of it. Nigh forty thousand pounds with one thing or another; and goodness knows what other liabilities he has! Every halfpenny of the money he had from your uncle Michael is gone," Mrs. Sarjent continues, bringing out with volubie precision one crushing piece of news after another, "and a good deal of your poor aunt Keren's money gone with it. Them nonsensical speculations of his in the Pacific Salvage Company—— Pacific Salvage! They shouldn't have a crooked sixpence of my money, as I always said from the first! Then he speculated in Welsh colliery shares and a Welsh railroad; and goodness knows what else he was led into by his grand acquaintances and grand connections—poor foolish old man. He paid dear for all your grand titled people, sure enough—all the earls and viscounts, the duchesses and the countesses he was acquainted with—he's paid dearly for the honor of their company! Ah, it was a bad day for you—one and all—you ever saw one of them or heard their names!"

She stops to draw breath, fanning herself violently, hot and red and excited, but gratified at having "said her say."

And Yolande sits stunned, speechless, bewildered, scarcely comprehending her even yet.

"But uncle is no worse off than before uncle Michael left us all his money, is he, cousin?" Yolande asks dazedly, shrinking involuntarily from Mrs. Sarjent, and meeting Wilmot's good-natured face.

"He's very deeply involved, I'm afraid, Yolande," Mrs. Sarjent answers reluctantly. "Things have been going wrong with him for a good while; and there was a heavy failure reported in the City this morning—a joint-stock company—Australian and Polynesian Land Mortgage; and that was the finishing stroke—poor old uncle. He held a good deal of their stock. I stayed with him most of the day, and I thought he was taking it quietly, and I coaxed him to come out to Regent's Park to dine with mother and me. And then after dinner he went off in a sort of faint; and mother said we had better take him home; and just as we got him inside the door here he dropped in the hall quite insensible—poor old man."

"And is uncle quite ruined?" Yolande asks faintly, in a low frightened tone.

"It won't be bankruptcy—you're not to think that," her cousin says soothingly. "There will be twenty shillings in the pound for every one; but there will be very little left when uncle's clear again."

"Very little, Wilmot?" his mother questions in a high key. "There'll be none! There won't be one ha'penny of your uncle's own money left, and there won't be above a thousand or two of aunt Keren's."

"Oh, yes, there will, I hope, mother," urges Wilmot uneasily. "Don't let us ——"

"I tell you, Wilmot Sarjent," his mother interrupts determinedly—"and I generally know what I'm talking about—that when everything is paid off there won't be more than two or three thousand—well, say four—left; and it's a mercy Fair View is sale, or they wouldn't have a house to put their heads in."

"Well, they have Fair View, mother; and a nice place it is, even with a small income," Wilmot says, trying hard to see light in the darkness in spite of his mother. "And of course there's Yolande's money all safe and sound—that's a blessing."

"Oh, there's no fear of their coming to want, if that's what you mean!" Mrs. Sarjent says gloomily.

"I should think not!" Wilmot retorts sharply, with a quick look at his young cousin's face, which is ghastly pale.

"No, no—of course not!" his mother says angrily. "You needn't take me up so short, Wilmot. Of course we would never let our own kith and kin want. But what I was going to say was that Yolande will find she must go on another tack altogether if she is going to keep house for her poor uncle and aunt, and keep up Fair View respectably, on fifteen hundred a year. Her first duty is to them, of course," Mrs. Sarjent asserts with emphasis and a nod of her head at Yolande. "And you will have to make that fine lady mother-in-law of yours understand that, Yolande. She's not going to live on you any longer, I should hope. 'Ladyships' and 'lordships,'" Mrs. Sarjent says scornfully, "won't pay butchers' and bakers' bills! The extravagances that been going on in this house since she came into it was enough to bring down a judgment on you, what with dresses and parties and masked balls, and all manner of worldly follies."

"Oh, come now, mother—that's enough!" her son interrupts impatiently. "This is no time, as you said yourself, for fault-finding; and Lady Nora is a very nice woman, and a very sensible lady, I feel sure, and she will be willing to do whatever is best for all parties."

"She'll have to do it—that's one comfort," Mrs. Sarjent retorts grimly. "There will be no more money now to fling away on fine ladies or fine gentlemen—and a good thing too."

At this point Yolande gets up quickly goes towards the door.

"Now, Yolande, you're not to take my words in bad part, or to think that because I'm plain and outspoken I don't feel for you!" Mrs. Sarjent exclaims reproachfully.

But Yolande does not seem to heed her.

She clenches her hands in her dress to help her to control herself until she can escape and get up to her own room, and lock the door, and stare dazedly at her own agonized face and burning eyes in her toilet-mirror, and try to realize this new calamity that has fallen on her.

"For this means," she whispers, talking to the pale forlorn face in the glass, "that Dallas and I are to be parted still—parted for an indefinite time—perhaps for ever now! Unless I could make him rich—give him money and luxury—why should I ask him to give up his situation to come back to me? He doesn't care for me as men do who share poverty with a woman—I know that! I am proud too. I won't ask Dallas to come back to me when I can give him nothing but myself. Oh, my darling, I have only seen you to lose you again," the girl cries miserably—"only had those few happy minutes with you to make me hungry and thirsty for more! But I won't ask you to come back to me now, Dallas. If you come back, it must be of your own free will and love of me; and that you will never do."

She tears her freshly-written letter across and across, and, setting fire to it, burns it to ashes.

Then she goes into her uncle's room, where her uncle Silas lies quiet and insensible yet, and sits and gazes at him, hopeless and helpless, until she fancies the nurse wishes her gone; and then, just as the clocks are striking two, she goes downstairs again.

She would not willingly encounter Mrs. Sarjent just now, but she must, for Lady Nora's sake.

"She will hurt and insult her cruelly," Yolande thinks, growing strong and resolute for the defence of Dallas's mother, "unless I prevent her."

She sits down to wait in the dark little breakfast-room at the end of the hall, and after a time she hears the carriage draw up, and a loud knock and ring resound through the house.

"Oh, sh-h!" Mrs. Sarjent says, running out noisily, her silk skirts and crinolette catching against the chairs and table. "What a noise at this time of night, with sickness in the house—shameful!"

"Please don't tell Lady Nora the bad news suddenly—it will shock her dreadfully!" Yolande says breathlessly, hurrying to the door as the footman quickly opens it.

"Stuff!" Mrs. Sarjent retorts rudely, being by this time, as she says, determined to "stand no nonsense." "It'll do her good—knock some of the folly and vanity out of her."

The moment the door is opened the frivolous little lady runs lightly up the steps, talking gaily to her escort—a short stout man in an eighteenth-century dress—who, entering the hall with her, glances around with dismay and astonishment at the waiting group.

"What on earth's the matter?" Lady Nora demands laughingly, with some asperity however in her silvery tones. "Yolande dearest, what are you all doing at this hour?"

"We might ask you that question, Lady Nora, I think!" Mrs. Sarjent begins, with tremendous sternness and in meaning tones.

She is overwhelmed when Lady Nora receives both her menace and her sternness with a light scornful laugh.

"Oh, it is your doing, I see!" she says, with gay indifference. "I hope supper is ready—I'm dreadfully hungry. Are you all going to sit up to supper with me?"—with an insolent little moue at Mrs. Sarjent. "Quite too kind of you, I am sure! Come, Mr. Carter! Where have you laid supper for me, James?"

"In the dining-room, my lady," James answers, glancing from one to the other; while Mr. Carter draws back, twisting his cocked-hat about uneasily, and muttering something in an undertone to Lady Nora, and smiling nervously and deprecatingly at the others.

Yolande glances at him amazedly; he is an utter stranger to her, though he and Lady Nora seem to be on terms of familiar friendship, and he is so utterly different from the men who are Lady Nora's acquaintances.

He is a fat, good-humored, vulgar-looking little man with a pair of shrewd gray eyes and red full cheeks—a "dumpling face" which looks out of the grand curled wig with a comical owl-in-an-ivy-bush effect.

His velvet suit and embroidered waistcoat fit his podgy figure tightly, but there are fine real lace ruffles on his shirt-front and around his hands, the stumpy fingers are glittering with splendid diamond rings, and in his lace frill is a brooch of superb brilliants.

"Nonsense!" Lady Nora says, and says it with startling sharpness and imperiousness, in reply to Mr. Carter's deferential murmur. "You want supper, and so do I! If you don't stay now, you sha'n't come to-morrow."

As she speaks she throws off her gray domino defiantly, and stands revealed a brilliant, airy, glittering little figure all tulle and satin and floating gauze and spangles and gold fringe, with bare white arms clasped with gold, and a bare white neck and shoulders hung over with gold coins and coral and amber beads.

She looks like the daintiest and most expensive of dolls for a bazaar counter, or a gorgeous little odalisque in an Eastern stage-scene.

She is exceedingly pretty and startlingly undraped, and Yolande, tingling with embarrassment, feels that she would give anything for a good big shawl to cover her up decently from Mrs. Sarjent's merciless scrutiny.

"Mercy on my soul!" that lady exclaims half audibly, while she stares at the liberal display of Lady Nora's pretty limbs and the fair smooth skin of which she is so proud.

"Poor uncle Silas is very ill, dear—very ill," Yolande says hurriedly, laying her hands on her arm persuasively, and longing to get her away. "We are all in great trouble."

"Very ill? Poor dear uncle Silas? Oh, how dreadful!" Lady Nora exclaims, pausing, and trying to summon up a sympathetic look on the pretty painted face under the spangled gauze turban and the great plaits of dark hair twisted with pearls. "Oh, I am so grieved! Then—perhaps to-morrow?" she says hesitatingly to her escort. "Mr. Dormer is very ill. So sorry—to-morrow afternoon then?"

"To-morrow afternoon, Lady Nora? Yes, certainly," the stranger responds hastily, as if very glad to be allowed to go; and he bows all around in a hurried flurried manner, backs himself out of the doorway, stumbles against the footman, begs his pardon, and disappears.

Lady Nora bestows on him the sweetest of friendly nods and smiles as he goes, and says "Au revoir!" to which Mr. Carter does not respond.

"What is the matter, Yolande, with your uncle?" Lady Nora asks curtly, walking into the dining-room, and ignoring Mrs. Sarjent altogether. "He was quite well this morning."

"We fear it is an apoplectic seizure, dear," her daughter-in-law answers softly and reluctantly, longing still to get her away.

"He's lying at the point of death, if you want to know, Lady Nora," Mrs. Sarjent interposes loudly and roughly: "and at such a time as this, with death and disaster in the house, the sooner you take off them scandalous masquerading things and put on decent clothes the better! And now," she adds, rustling stormily across the room, "I've spoken my mind, and I'm glad of it."

Lady Nora looks after her composedly, with her lip curling in scornful amusement.

"How ridiculously rude and ill-tempered!" she remarks coolly, pouring out a glass of Burgundy and drinking it. "I am sure I did not ask your opinion of my dress, Mrs. Sarjent. It is very ill-bred to give it unasked. I don't suppose you are aware of that, though."

She shrugs her bare white shoulders resignedly, and glances at her daughter-in-law.

"Send me up some chicken and a plate of that sponge and cream, Yolande dearest," she says quietly. "I want to enjoy my supper, and I certainly cannot with an abusive person in the room. It was extremely stupid of James to lay supper here. And come up to me yourself, love, and tell me everything."

She wraps her domino about her and runs lightly upstairs, while Yolande, trembling like an aspen at the "everything" which she has to tell, sets about obeying her commands most dutifully.

"For she is my mother since she is his," she tells herself in her loyal love; and I will obey her, and be loving to her, and defend her to the utmost of my power. My home shall always be hers, and, if I had to work for my daily bread, she should—she shall still—have the best I can give her, for his dear sake as well as her own."

She carves the dainty supper most carefully, and places it on a small tray.

"Thank you, James," she says. "I will take it up to Lady Nora myself; I am going to sit with her for a while. Cousin Wilmot, will you and aunt have some wine or a little jelly?"

"No, thank you," Mrs. Sarjent answers frigidly.

"I will, thank you, cousin, though we had an excellent supper at twelve." Wilmot says cordially, helping himself, though he is neither hungry nor thirsty.

Yolande thanks him with a most grateful look ere she carries off Lady Nora's supper-tray.

"The idea of making herself a servant for that woman!" Mrs. Sarjent exclaims wrathfully before she is out of hearing.

"And the idea of your making the poor girl more unhappy than she is by picking a quarrel with Lady Nora, mother!" Wilmot rejoins reproachfully. "You might be friendly with them when they are going down in the world."

"I'll never be friendly with that woman!" Mrs. Sarjent retorts, jerking up her head. "And, as for going down in the world, Wilmot," his shrewd mother adds prophetically, "you mark my words—Lady Nora isn't going down with them. Not she! Rats always leave the sinking ship; and you'll see her fine ladyship will cut the concern once she finds there will be no more money for fineries and frilleries and masked balls and stage-actin'! She'll turn her back on the Dormers quick enough then, and—they're well rid of her!"

"You're not very charitable, mother," her son says coldly.

"No," Mrs. Sarjent responds, with modest self-appreciation; "I'm too clear-sighted to be easily taken in!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LADY NORA has thrown off her odalisque dress, pulled off her turban and pearls and false plaits, and, wrapped in her wadded silk dressing-gown, is lying back moodily in a chair, gazing absently frowningly at her dressing-table, strewn with jewels and laces and withered flowers, whilst her maid brushes out her hair—the few thin brown tresses threaded with gray which appear only after her bath and make so little show beneath the beautiful artistic coils and curls of her finished coiffure.

"What an extraordinary idea, my love, to carry the tray yourself!" she says rather crossly.

Yolande, who is hurrying in, with her sorrowful heart full to overflowing, to pour confidences and hopes and fears into Lady Nora's sympathizing ears, feels shocked and chilled at once.

"I wanted to talk to you, Lady Nora," she responds meekly.

"Well, of course. Moodie, that'll do! My head aches horribly, and brushing it only makes it worse," her mistress says peevishly. "I have been hearing all about poor dear uncle Silas, Yolande, love," she adds hastily. "Don't trouble to tell me the details; it will only distress you, dearest. It is awfully sad!"

"Yes, dreadfully sad," Yolande says vaguely, feeling her words stifled ere she can utter them. "He is quite unconscious, and may never even recover to know anything or any one of us again."

"Dreadful," Lady Nora ejaculates, beginning to eat roast chicken with much relish. "I am perfectly starving, Yolande; the supper there was a scandalously crowded affair. Only that a friend—that gentleman you saw—Mr. Carter—took me down at eleven o'clock and got me some pates and a glass of champagne, I should have had nothing to eat."

"I have a great deal more to tell you," Yolande continues, wondering how she shall tell her story now.

"Yes—have you?" Lady Nora says, but

not as if she is either surprised or anxious. "No more bad news, I hope, dear?"—this more amiably, as she begins another slice of chicken and drinks a second glass of Burgundy. "Your poor dear uncle's illness is calamity enough, I am sure. There is no use in my going to see him at this hour of course. I must go the first thing in the morning."

"It is very bad news, Lady Nora," Yolande says, nerving herself for her task, "and it had best be told at once. You will have to hear it, dear, I am sorry to say. Poor uncle's illness was brought on through the shock of bad news in the City, Lady Nora." Yolande explains gently and slowly. "He has had heavy money losses, dear—very heavy. In fact, I fear he is quite ruined. Cousin Wilmot says there will be very little left from the wreck."

"Good heavens, this is fearful! Ruined—lost all his money? Can it be possible, Yolande," Lady Nora exclaims with a despairing gesture, falling back into her chair.

But somehow Yolande cannot avoid an odd suspicion that neither Lady Nora's despair nor her astonishment is very real.

If she had thought of that mysterious visit of Isabelle Glover to Lady Nora while she was dressing for the ball, she would have had suspicions transformed into certainty on this and other points as well.

"Are you sure of it, Yolande?" she demands irritably. "Are you sure it is not some exaggerated rumor? Men so often say they are ruined when they have lost a few thousand pounds? How could he be ruined suddenly like that?"

"Cousin Wilmot says things have been going wrong with uncle for a long time. Those unfortunate speculations that he and Lord Pentreath entered into I believe were the beginning," Yolande replies. "I believe it is true enough, Lady Nora. The worst is generally the truth in such cases. Uncle has lost all his own money and most of aunt Keren's, cousin Wilmot says. There is only mine left."

"Well, we must make that go as far as we can, I suppose," Lady Nora says bitterly, glancing at her daughter-in-law questioningly. "Of course it will be only eking out existence. I would as soon be dead at once as living in genteel poverty. I cannot do it—I cannot!"—and, greatly to Yolande's grief, Lady Nora bursts forth into a flood of passionate tears, sobbing loudly and convulsively.

"Oh, don't, dear! Don't Lady Nora dear," she implores—"don't give way so. You know while I have a home or a shilling you are more than welcome to a share of the best I can give you."

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense!" Lady Nora cries, pushing her away angrily. "You are talking utter nonsense. What wickedness—what shameful wickedness—of a man to squander a comfortable fortune on insane speculations. To think of it—sixty or seventy thousand pounds flung away—thrown away through sheer recklessness! A man ought to be put into a lunatic asylum for doing it."

"Oh, don't blame him—poor uncle! He did everything for the best," Yolande cries sorrowfully.

"He did everything for the worst!" Lady Nora retorts, raging. "He has ruined himself and every one belonging to him. It is wicked, heartless, abominable. Of course you will have to live abroad in some cheap place, all of you, and you will have to help them out of an income barely sufficient for a few comforts for two people."

"Oh, no, we have Fair View; and we can manage to live very comfortably there on the interest of my money!" Yolande answers earnestly. "We lived there before on much less—on six or seven hundred a year—very well. Dear Lady Nora, try to look at the best side; and, besides, I have another piece of news for you."

"Do you mean to say," Lady Nora says in a cold fury, passing by Yolande's last words as if she has not heard them, "that you are going to settle down at Fair View—to try to keep up a third or fourth rate English household with your few poor hundreds a year—to spend it all in that miserable manner?"

"What else can we do, Lady Nora?" Yolande asks entreatingly. "It is much better than going abroad; and I think it is such a dear old place."

"And you are going to devote yourself to keeping up a home for your uncle and aunt, I suppose?" Lady Nora says, in a cold sneering tone. "It is a good thing you are a grass-widow, my dear. You got rid of your husband—my poor son—very opportunely!"

"Lady Nora, how can you wound and insult me so—you, who know so well how I feel about my husband?" Yolande cries, trying to keep from tears. "I was going to tell you, to please you, such a delightful piece of news. Oh, don't be unkind to me, dear! I am only trying to do my duty."

"Well, there, there! Don't cry, for goodness sake," Lady Nora says impatiently. "Crying won't mend matters. If you had troubles such as I have had you would have cause for tears. You are a foolish sentimental girl, that is all, and you are always letting your heart run away with your head. You are doing it now!" Lady Nora declares, her eyes sparkling with scornful rage. "You are beggaring yourself in order to supply a foolish maid spendthrift of an old man with another fortune in the place of the one he threw away."

"Lady Nora," Yolande says coldly, rising to leave her, "I think you ought to know by this time that uncle Silas stands in a father's place to me, and I owe him a daughter's duty and respect. I cannot sit here and listen to you speaking against him so bitterly."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, I'm sure," Lady Nora rejoins curtly. "You do not think of my feelings in the least in this affair. You have quite left me out of the calculations for the future, I can see very plainly——"

"No, indeed, Lady Nora," Yolande protests, flushing crimson, and tears of wounded feeling falling like rain. "How can you say so? Have I not told you that while I have a home on earth you are welcome to it and the best it contains?"

"Although I have devoted myself to you and your interests for the last year and a half nearly," Lady Nora continues, ignoring Yolande's protest as if she had not spoken, "and given up my regular visits, and given up the society of friends who would lavish wealth on me if I permitted them! You think nothing of all that. You are as fickle, Mrs. Glynne, as you are inconsiderate."

"I am neither fickle nor inconsiderate," Yolande retorts, her voice growing clear and hard in anger and contempt for the baseness of spirit that can taunt her at a time like this. "All the same I regret very much that your friendship for me has been the cause of loss to you, Lady Nora."

It is not the first time by any means that Lady Nora has alluded in mysterious language to these unknown sources of wealth and these lavishly generous friends of hers when she is in a peculiarly discontented or exacting mood; and even her gentle daughter-in-law loses patience at this vague reproach now, and determines that she will hear it for the last time.

"The sudden loss of position and fortune will of course make a great difference in my circumstances," Yolande says steadily, "but makes none in my feelings towards you or my husband. You must know that very well. It is very unjust of you, Lady Nora, to lay all the blame of our separation on me: Dallas would be the last in the world to permit you to do it. Our separation is at an end now," the girl says in an altered voice, with lips that quiver with gladness and sorrow, and eyes misty with tears as she looks up reverently. "I thank Heaven this comfort has been sent me in the midst of all my troubles. I meant to make you happy with the good news, Lady Nora. Dallas has come home. He is in London—in London!"

She even throws her arms impulsively around Lady Nora and kisses her tenderly. "I have seen him this evening, dear. Isn't that good news? Oh, aren't you glad?"

There is almost dismay in her incredulous cry, for she can feel that to Lady Nora her news is neither glad nor good; and almost as she speaks Lady Nora pushes her caressing arms away coldly and rises to her feet.

"No, Yolande dear," she replies frigidly and deliberately, "I am not glad. Why should I be glad to know that my poor boy is struggling in hopeless poverty here in London, when I know that you, his wife, who ought to consider him first of any in the world, have put it out of your power to help him in any way? Unless his father's family assist him to regain his proper position," Lady Nora adds bitterly, "I see no hope for him but to struggle on for the best years of his life."

"Did you know," Yolande asks, staring at her and breathing fast—"did you know Dallas had returned? You don't seem surprised."

"Of course I knew he had returned," Lady Nora answers coolly, meeting the passionate flash of Yolande's eyes with a smile of defiance. "My boy was not likely to leave his mother, who he knew loved him so dearly, without any knowledge of his whereabouts."

"And you never told me," Yolande cries, in an anguish of reproach, "though you knew that he was never out of my thoughts, that I never ceased yearning for a sight of him—for any news of him—that my heart was breaking for him."

"Indeed I knew nothing of the sort," Lady Nora interrupts sneeringly. "I did know that you treated him very badly, and burned his letter without even keeping the address, as I had to tell him when he asked me if you received it—that did not look like very devoted love. I knew my dearest boy was in London some time since. I did not venture to tell you—I could not endure to hear you speak slightingly of him: you hurt my feelings dreadfully once or twice about him. Besides, he did not wish me to tell you—that was enough for me. I did not want to add to his worries and annoyances."

She feels a little ashamed of herself and the tissue of falsehoods she is uttering when she looks at the haggard face, the speechless misery in the eyes of the young wife.

"What good can it do either of you, now that you have seen him?" she goes on complainingly. "You are in poverty, or will be of course, when you give up everything to support your relations; and Dallas would die before he dragged you down to married wretchedness, I know well. If he cannot keep his wife in the position suitable to her—I know my boy's pride so well—he will stay single all his days. If neither of you has money, of course you cannot live together as Dallas Glynne and his wife should live. That is the end of it; and I am too wretched and grieved and worried to discuss it any more to-night, Yolande. You have your high-flown ideas of duty, I have my matter-of-fact woman-of-the world ideas; they would clash instantly, and I am worn out, and can't stand clashing or tormenting of any kind just now. I must try to sleep if I can, and have my poor head clear to face all the troubles and difficulties that beset me. Good night, or rather good morning, Yolande—there's the daylight I see."

Yolande, dismissed with scant ceremony, gropes her way out of the room with a dazed pained feeling that the world—her world—is all crumbling away beneath her feet.

Lady Nora, very chilly and sleepy, gets into her luxurious bed without delay, curls herself up under the satin-quilted eider-down, her head nestling amongst the lace-trimmed pillows.

"I won't get up until two or three o'clock," she decides. "That'll be quite soon enough. Carter won't come until about four. If he does, he'll have to call again—that's all. I shall have to make up my mind to-morrow—I mean this afternoon," she says, sighing heavily. "There's no use in putting it off any longer, and I must get away from these people at once. There will be a death and a funeral, and an auction of furniture, I daresay, and all sorts of horrors. Oh, dear, I am never to be out of trouble, I believe."

She does not wake until nearly ten o'clock, and then her maid brings her her dainty breakfast of fragrant coffee and wafers of crisp toast, and boiled ham and poached eggs, all of which her ladyship enjoys immensely.

By-and-by she sends her messages of inquiry and her "love" to Yolande, and hears that Mr. Dormer is a little better this morning, but is still in a very critical state.

"And must of course be kept perfectly quiet," Lady Nora says, as she lies propped up on her pillows, with the morning papers and a couple of new novels at hand. "There would be no use in any one visiting him or disturbing him—it would be very wrong indeed. I shall not go down until after luncheon, Moodie. It is much better for me to keep in my own room and give as little trouble as possible, since I can do no good."

At two o'clock Lady Nora has her luncheon—a morsel of delicious salmon dodgeree and a cutlet and some pudding, and a couple of glasses of sherry—and about three o'clock she has her warm bath and dresses leisurely.

She puts on a soft brocaded silk tea-gown of a delicate heliotrope tint, with a quantity of beautiful old Irish lace—Limerick point—about the sleeves, and ruffled softly down the front from the neck to the feet.

She wears her prettiest chevelure, and her soft smooth cheeks are like a nectarine, and her eyebrows and eyelashes are delicately shaded.

Her white hands are sparkling with rings, and she is a picture of elegant patrician well-preserved beauty as she rustles softly down the stairs in her shining purple silks and sweeping lace-edged skirts.

Mr. Carter has been waiting these ten minutes to see her, her maid tells her.

"Any one else, Moodie?" she asks carelessly.

"Yes, my lady—Lady Pentreath; she is with Mrs. Glynne and Miss Dormer upstairs in Mr. Dormer's dressing-room," Moodie replies.

"Oh," Lady Nora says, shrugging her shoulders, a frown and a flush marring the serenity of her pretty face for a moment. "Any one else, Moodie?"

"Mademoiselle Gantier, my lady; and she asked if you would please see her for a minute when you came down. She is in the large drawing-room, my lady."

"And where is Mr. Carter?" Lady Nora asks sharply and hurriedly.

"In the small room—your own sitting room, my lady."

The delicate bloom on her ladyship's face deepens into the dull red of rage.

"Heavens," Moodie hears her mutter, grinding her teeth savagely, "is that woman in league with Satan? She is everywhere where she is not wanted!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JURIES.—Trial by jury was introduced into England during the Saxon heptarchy, mention being made of six Welsh and six Anglo-Saxon freemen appointed to try causes between the English and Welsh men of property, and made responsible with their whole estates, real and personal, for false verdicts. By most authorities the institution of juries is ascribed to Alfred, about 886. In Magna Charta, juries were insisted on as the great bulwark of the people's liberty. According to Statute 28, Edward III. 1353, it was provided that "when either party is an alien born, the jury shall be one-half denizens, and the other half aliens." By the common law a prisoner upon indictment or appeal might challenge peremptorily thirty-five, being under three juries, but a lord of Parliament, and a peer of the realm, who is to be tried by his peers. "It is said that in early times the suitors used to feed the jury impaneled in their action, and hence arose the common law of denying sustenance to a jury after the hearing of the evidence. A jury may be detained during the pleasure of the judge if they cannot agree upon a verdict; and may be confined without meat, drink or fire, candle light excepted, till they are unanimous. Some jurors have been fined for having fruit in their pockets when they were withdrawn to consider of their verdict, though they did not eat it." Phillip says: "A jury at Sudbury not being able to agree, and having been some time under duress, forcibly broke from the court where they were locked up, and went home, October 9, 1791." In Scotland, Guernsey, Jersey and France juries decide by a majority; in France since 1831, a majority of two-thirds is required.

"Give me about a dollar-'n-a-half's worth of quinine," said a sad-looking young man to the druggist. "Why, what do you want so much for?" "Well, you see, I've been around to see my girl, and I've just got the worst case of shake I ever heard of. Make that an even $2 worth, will you?"

Scientific and Useful.

CEMENT FOR IRON JOINTS.—One of the most adhesive and durable of cements for uniting iron surfaces is found to be the oxide of iron. With this a joint can be made so perfect and sound that the iron will break before the cement will part.

COLD CREAM.—Two drachms of white wax, two drachms of spermaceti, two ounces of oil of almonds, two ounces of rose-water; put the white wax, oil, and spermaceti into a jar to melt; when nearly cold, add the rose-water.

PRESERVING WOOD.—Wagon makers or repairers can save their stock from worms by oiling with linseed-oil. Paraffin-oil is preferable, as it acts to some extent as a wood-filler, filling the pores, and thus aiding the painting which follows in its proper place.

HINTS.—Brass and copper articles should never be cleaned with acid. Use sweet oil and putty, followed by soap and water. A delicate glue for mounting ferns and seaweed is made of five parts of gum-arabic, three parts of white sugar, two parts of starch, and a very little water. Boil until thick and white.

FALSE EYES.—It is stated that French surgeons have succeeded in replacing glass eyes with the front part of rabbits' eyes. The coat is stitched fast to the ball of a sightless human eye, and made to adhere so that it causes no further trouble, and looks as well as the natural eye. It is of course sightless, but is far less troublesome than a glass one.

A PAINLESS METHOD.—It is said that a saturated solution of nitric acid and muriate of cocaine makes a painless cautery. In some hands the solution causes some pain, but little. It is strange to contrast the effect of the cocaine applied previous to the application of the acids. In the first case it will require four or five minutes to get its physiological effect. And in the last we have the instant effect of the cocaine.

LIFE BUOY.—A young Irish sailor, in the United States navy is credited with having invented a remarkable and complete life buoy. It is a circular belt in which are mounted six vertical hollow tubes. These are each filled with, first, Greek fire in sufficient quantity to burn 50 seconds; second, Roman candles that explode every ten seconds, and, third, with a sort of rocket to which are attached life lines. These, as the rocket explodes, are projected in six different directions, giving the drowning man as many chances for his life.

Farm and Garden.

PIGS.—A pig should never be allowed to stop growing; in fact, that rule holds good during its entire life. A poor, mangy pig is of no value; close confinement in filth and dirt will check the growth, however generous the feed; but, if starved at the same time, it would be a mercy to both pigs and owner to send them to the manure pile.

SHEEP.—The majority of men who have sheep of any breed, or very often of no very definite breed, need first to know, above all things else, how they can improve what they have or make them more profitable. The use of thoroughbred rams in every flock in the country would effect a renovation greater than the evolution of a "new" breed of sheep.

SMOKE AND PLANTS.—Some plants will stand any amount of tobacco smoke, while others are injured by it. A lady fumigated some plants when they were brought into the house lately, and several begonias in the conservatory lost nearly all their leaves in consequence while every heliotrope turned black. In fumigating with tobacco, it is best to use a little and often, rather than a large quantity at a time.

THE GOAT.—In proportion to its size, the goat is a much more profitable animal than the cow. When between two and five years of age, the "Nanny" will yield from two pints to three quarts of milk a day, and will continue at that rate for eight or nine years. The Nubian goat is even more productive, for it has been known to give four quarts daily, the milk also being proportionately better than that from the common breed.

SCRATCHING FOWLS.—The instinct of a fowl leads it to scratch, even in feeding on a heap of whole grain. This compels it to stop eating long enough to swallow. Some persons give fowls too much at a time, and this causes them to stuff themselves so as to injure their crops if fed on damped meal. A little whole grain scattered among straw will make poultry scratch for what they get and conduce to their healthfulness.

A PREVENTIVE.—The following will be found a simple preventive of cock-crowing. It is admitted that in the act of crowing a cock stands up, and then stretches his neck to its full extent. A small lath loosely suspended about eighteen inches above the perch will obviate this. It in no way interferes with the bird's roosting, but the moment chanticleer contemplates a nuisance the swinging lath comes gently into contact with his comb, and effectually stops him. A dozen birds were treated in this way, and none of them presumed to crow until the hour in which they were let out.

An old lady, wife of a well-to-do farmer, of Camden, Mich., wears the same bonnet that she did thirty-five years ago, when she first went to the State.

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A Common Weakness.

It is said to be one of the commonest of weaknesses to fall in love, and Shakspeare says it is equally common that "the course of true love never did run smooth." So speaks Lysander in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Poor Lysander! he is in love with Hermia, and Hermia is in love with him. Hermia's father, however, will not countenance Lysander's suit; Lysander consequently solaces himself with the reflection, customary, we believe, amongst lovers when the fruition of their love is interfered with, that it is the usual thing for true love not to run smooth. Hermia herself takes comfort in the thought, for she similarly replies.

This is all very pretty, and it would ill become us to deprive lovers in the position of Hermia and Lysander of such comfort as is to be got from regarding trouble as the constant companion of true love. What is to be said, however, of the man, who, on being brought before the magistrate for beating his wife, sought to mitigate his offense on the ground that "the course of true love never does run smooth?"—he considered the frequent quarrels between himself and his wife as evidence of the strong love they had for one another!

It is not easy to understand at first sight why the course of true love should not run smooth. People that love one another ought surely to be the last to think of quarreling, and the more true the love they bear, the less likely, one would think, are they to quarrel. Such, however, would not appear to be the case.

It might safely be said, we think, that there has not for many years been a courtship in which those concerned have not had occasion to say to one another "the course of true love never does run smooth." This comes on after some little quarrel, when matters are all quieted down again, and each feels once more secure in the other's love. It has also no doubt helped to bring many of those quarrels for which lovers are proverbial to a satisfactory conclusion.

Here is John, for instance, upset and annoyed at Harriet, in all probability, for some imagined neglect. He broods over this, lashes himself into a state of agitation, and sees all sorts of cruelties that poor, unsuspecting Harriet has perpetrated upon him.

"Why have I been so blind?" he exclaims. "I shall write her in the morning, let her know that I have found her out, and henceforth have nothing more to say to her."

He then begins to think over the severe things that he will say, and while so engaged hears the clock strike four. Thereupon he is reminded that there are only two hours' sleep for him that night, and this one little atom of reality calling him to his senses he remembers that "the course of true love never does run smooth," is soothed thereby, and falls asleep.

As it is out of the question for us to present the various situations in which this oft-repeated saying might be supposed to come up, we will deal with it from another point of view. Why is it so widely accepted? Nobody ever seems to question it; everybody repeats it when occasion offers. It is not an unusual thing in human affairs for matters to go along in anything but smooth fashion. Why should love be pronounced against so emphatically?

Love itself cannot surely be a source of discord. On the contrary, it is productive of harmony. There are many causes operating, however, to make people think that it is a source of discord.

Consider the whole mass of literature—novels, poems, dramas, etc.—whose interesting features depend entirely upon the course of true love not running smooth. But for this we should have no *Romeo and Juliet*, not to mention a thousand and one other immortal works. It is the loves that do not run smooth that are immortalized; the loves that run smooth are taken no note of; they are of the ordinary class. Lysander was thus right enough when he said, "The course of true love never did run smooth." For it is only the cases that did not run smooth that would be recorded. This one consideration goes a long way in explaining the wide credence given to our saying.

Then, of course, there are quarrels that may be traced to the workings of love itself. Love is so absorbing a passion, and makes its object such a superior being (as Bacon says, "Never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved"), that the lover is bound to think the loved one must attract others. In this way jealous fears are awakened in badly regulated minds, and once they take possession then quarrels—dangerous quarrels, too—are imminent.

To be in love and at the same time to enjoy perfect peace of mind is perhaps not possible. If so, it is best to be like the young Adonis—

"Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn,"

Truthfulness is an element of true manliness. Lies usually come from cowardice, because men are afraid of standing by their flag, because they shrink from opposition, or because they are conscious of something wrong which they cannot defend, and so conceal. Secret faults, secret purposes, habits of conduct of which we are ashamed, lead to falsehood, and falsehood is cowardice. The sinner therefore is almost necessarily a coward. He shrinks from the light; he hides himself in darkness. Therefore, if we wish to be manly, we must not do anything of which we are ashamed. He who lives by firm principles of truth and right, who deceives no one, injures no one, who therefore has nothing to hide, he alone is manly. The bad man may be audacious, but he has no true courage. His manliness is only a pretence, an empty shell, a bold demeanor, with no real firmness behind it.

No one is able wisely to correct a fault, either in himself or in others, unless he has a fair conception of the virtue which has been transgressed. It is by raising and purifying their ideas of truthfulness that men learn how to regard deceit and what weapons to use against it. It is by upholding the character of honesty that they can truly battle against fraud. It is by elevating their notions of benevolence that they obtain power to combat selfishness. It is by contemplating man as he should be, and becoming familiar with the conception, that we arrive at the truest conclusions concerning what he is and how he may be improved.

Religion may be said to commence when a soul ceases to keep back any secret from God. To live always bare to the soul's core in His sight is the condition of healthful religion. To speak out in His ear what cannot be spoken in another's—those incommunicable things which only each man's own spirit knows, which can only be told even to God in such inarticulate groans as need a Divine Interpreter; this is that manner of praying which is a necessity in the religious life, and which can only be reached in secret. The reason for this necessity runs down into that mysterious personality which makes every human being, at the last resort, a solitude impervious to his fellow, accessible only to his God.

No man who would be learned can afford to be idle. A large amount of work must be done by the worker in the walks of every-day life, for by its aid the scientist finds opportune facts and suggestive illustrations calculated to greatly assist him in his investigations and in the prosecution of his studies. We think, however there is no man so hard to be convinced that he has anything to learn as the untutored and unthinking ignoramus; he thinks he knows it all, and has it bottled up and sealed up in his cast-iron case of conceit. The thoughtful man and trained thinker is much more modest and elastic.

We are all far from doing exactly as we should; therefore it is not for us to demand perfect lives from our friends. If we cannot speak well of our neighbors, let us not speak of them at all. Never mention their evil deeds, their want of courtesy, or their acts of ill-will, but let them alone. When friends come to tell us of what is said about us, let us reply: "It would be a favor to me not to repeat what is said concerning myself or my household by my neighbors or friends." The best avenue to happiness is to make others happy, and often a cross, crabbed neighbor may be won into kindness by kind deeds frequently repeated.

The "can't" spelled wth the apostrophe has done a deal more to hinder the advancement of righteousness in the world than has the "cant" that is spelled without the apostrophe. Among those who were counted unfit for battle, mentioned in Deuteronomy, was the tribe of the "apostrophe cant's." "What man is there that is fearful and faint-hearted? Let him go and return unto his house, lest his brethern's heart faint as well as his heart." Satan can use a discouraged man; God never does, except as a signboard of warning.

To live is to act energetically. Life is a battle to be fought valiantly. Inspired by high and honorable resolve, a man must stand to his post, and die there if need be. Like the old Danish hero, his determination should be "to dare nobly, to will strongly, and never to falter in the path of duty." The power of will, be it great or small, which God has given us, is a divine gift, and we ought neither to let it perish for want of using on the other hand, nor profane it by employing it for ignoble purposes on the other.

Mental burdens will be far more easily borne if they are placed, as far as practicable, out of sight. When we gaze upon them, they increase. When in our thoughts we emphasize and dwell upon them, they sometimes grow almost unbearable. It is well enough to face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it and know its weight, that we may summon up courage and strength sufficient to endure it; but this done, let us place it where it may no longer be in constant sight.

There are no end of human counterfeits afloat in the world, and some of them are so clumsy as to be detected in an instant. But the most dangerous of the lot, because the most common and likewise the most skillful, is the person who pretends to be high-toned, but is merely proud.

In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful. The human soul is the sun which diffuses light on every side, investing creation with its lovely hues, and calling forth the poetic element that lies hidden in every existing thing.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness.

It is a good thing to find a true friend, a grand thing, indeed, and it is something which some people seem never to find. Their lives seem coarse and barren, literally starved for the want of friendship.

The World's Happenings.

In Paris recently 300 divorces were given in one day.

Miners at Red Gulch, I. T., are advertising for wives.

A rage for white furniture is said to prevail in New York.

Wounded Knee is the name of a new postoffice in Dakota.

Mr. Warren, of Boston, says that Adam lived at the North Pole.

St. Louis follows Chicago in adopting lower theatrical admission rates.

According to General Rosecrans the war of the rebellion cost $6,189,920 908.

Professor Lockyer declares that only about 6,000 stars are visible to the eye.

A frozen rabbit on the rail at Golden, Ill., upset a handcar, breaking a man's leg.

Dr. Laura Weld, from Boston, has hung out her professional sign in Dresden, Germany.

The pay of doctors in China is from five to ten cents a visit, and they are kept exceedingly busy.

The dog, according to a recent decision given in a Cincinnati court, is not a "domestic animal."

In St. Louis, one afternoon recently, ten thousand people turned out in a body to hunt a ghost.

A large haul of counterfeit two cent postage stamps has been made by detectives at El Paso, Texas.

The teeth of a citizen of North Strahave, Pa., are all double. He can crack a walnut with his teeth with ease.

One million pills were burned up in a fire in New York recently. The loss on the medicine was trifling.

The cost of an ordinary glass of pure whisky, including the present tax, is said to be one and three-tenths cents.

The word "its" is said not to occur at all in the King James translation of the Bible, and but three or four times in Shakspeare.

San Francisco boasts of having 800 young unmarried women, each and every one of whom is heiress to at least $500,000.

John Good, an inventor, who a few years ago was a day laborer in a Brooklyn cordage factory, now has an income of $150,000 a year.

The value of the leaf tobacco crop in the United States has varied from $20,000,000 to $44,000,000 per year during the past six years.

An almost naked insane man was found by a hunter in the woods of North Carolina. He had been crazed by earthquakes in August last.

A parrot at Indianapolis died with all the symptoms of diphtheria, after being in the room and petted by the children afflicted with the disease.

A very efficacious and celebrated Russian patent medicine was recently analyzed. It was found to be nothing but water from the river Neva.

Bees have a strong apathy to dark colored objects, and a man with a black plug hat rarely gets stung, the bees devoting their attention to the hat.

An English mastiff stopped a runaway in Wisconsin a few days ago. He attempted to seize the bridle, but, failing, caught the reins and held on until the horse stopped.

A panther penned up a church congregation for three hours in Humphry, a New York village, recently. The male villagers turned out next day and despatched the beast.

There is a dog at Magog, Quebec, that will mount the toboggan sled, go down the slide, draw the sled back, and go down again as many times as his owner commands him.

Alien landlordism is attracting the attention of the Minnesota Legislature, and a bill prohibiting the holding of lands by foreigners will be discussed and voted upon this session.

Joseph Opperman, of Galveston, Texas, 20 years of age, committed suicide recently by taking rat poison. It is said that he was in love with a young lady whom his father married a short time before.

A drunken farmer near Minnewaukan, D. T., crawled into a snow bank the other night, and, although the temperature was 10 degrees below zero, he woke up the next morning sober and uninjured.

Isaac Barnes, an eccentric Bostonian, was lately urged by his Baptist wife to subscribe for a new church. He agreed to subscribe $5,000 on condition that all baptisms should take place in hot water.

Jim Brown eloped from Tin Cup, Col., with a woman who was described in a local paper as a "fat blonde." Friends telegraphed the fact to her and she returned and smashed a pitcher over the editor's head.

A 3-year-old child who died recently in Wisconsin expelled a snake a foot long from its stomach shortly before its death. The parents recollect having given the child a drink of spring water in the dark about a year ago.

The Sultan of Morocco has had his feelings hurt by the obstinacy of the press in complaining of the continued sale of young girls in his dominions. He wants editors bowstringed and the newspaper business in Tangiers wiped out.

Two of the largest checks for money ever drawn in New York have been framed and will be hung up in the president's office of the New York Central Railroad. One drawn by C. Vanderbilt is for $1,000,000, and the other by W. H. Vanderbilt is for $6,000,000.

A New York housekeeperper writes that she has a maid servant now working for $14 a month who has several thousand dollars in railroad stock, which she has accumulated. She reads the news, dresses well and does good work, from scrubbing to cooking or sewing.

"HE WILL NOT KNOW!"

BY G. B.

He will not know, not if he holds her fast
With stalwart straining arms about her cast—
He will not have the heart to be aware—
He will not know them—as I know by rote
Each tender shadow of her lips and throat
And tender floating odor of her hair:
He will not know!

He will not know, as my desire has known,
The soft inflection of each silver tone
And heard it at a distance on the breeze:
He will not answer her unspoken thought
Because, through very love, his soul has sought
The sense of hers, till with her eyes he sees:
He will not know!

He will not value over-much her face,
Save for the simpler more apparent grace
That any passer-by can apprehend:
One petal he shall pluck; the perfect flower,
With all its scent, is mine till life's last hour,
For love shall tarry steadfast to the end,
Love shall not go!

Mrs. Robson.

BY M. L. CAMERON.

THERE goes Mrs. Robson, old Judge Robson's young wife, of Calcutta. Come along, Jack, and I'll introduce you."

The speaker was my cousin Bill Trafford, who had come down to Southampton with me to see me off for India, whither I was bound on business. Bill's regiment had lately returned from Bengal, and he was on the lookout for acquaintances to whom he might present me, and to start me on my voyage sociably.

It was about two o'clock on a Thursday afternoon in the days, not so long ago, when the P. O. steamers made Southampton their starting place for the East.

The old "Australia" lay alongside the quay, her decks were crowded with people and luggage, and amidst the motley throng I failed to discover the object of Bill's remarks.

"She is going down below," he went on, and we were preparing to push our way to the companion in pursuit, when the shore bell rang and I was obliged to escort Bill to the gangway and bid him farewell. His last words to me were:

"Mind you look out for Mrs. Robson. She is a very nice little woman and will amuse you. I came home in the same ship with her last year. People said old Robson was sending her home in disgrace (she's a bit of a flirt), but it didn't seem to affect her spirits, and I suppose it's all made up now as she is going back again.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow; I wish you a pleasant voyage."

Left to myself, I soon tired of watching the low green banks of Southampton Water as we glided past them, and turning my back on shore-going life and its interest, I plunged down below. When I reached the saloon it was nearly deserted; most of the passengers had retired to their cabins to make all 'taut' before the rolling billows of the open sea should upset their equilibrium.

I was just about to follow their example when a voice calling "Steward" made me pause. The cry is neither rare nor agreeably suggestive on board ship, but the voice struck me, fresh, clear, decided yet sweet. I looked round and saw, in the doorway of a cabin about half-way down the saloon, a beautiful girl.

Tall and slender, with short dark hair tossed about on a broad white brow, pencilled eyebrows, and a pair of great luminous eyes, a clear olive skin and fresh red lips, she stood, a picture of youth and grace, holding back the curtain with one slender hand.

A steward trotted up, and they conferred together, while another young lady came and looked over the shoulder of the first. I had only time to notice a plump little figure, a pair of child-like wondering blue eyes, and a delicate complexion, before she drew back; then the curtain fell and both girls were hidden from view. A stewardess stood near me; the steward came to her and said:

"There is some mistake about those ladies luggage. Who are they?"

"Mrs. Robson, the judge's wife, and Miss Lambert, governess in Lord Waring's family. They are going out alone, and I've been asked to look after them; so I'll just go and see what it's all about."

The stewardess bustled off, and I congratulated myself on having found out Mrs. Robson so quickly. What a fine graceful woman, and how young to be tied to a yellow old Indian judge!

I determined to lose no time about following Bill's advice by making her acquaintance; so waylaying the steward, I slipped a coin into his willing palm, and requested him to keep me a place at dinner next the ladies he had been attending on.

The ship now began to roll a good deal, and I began to fear that my precaution would be vain unless Mrs. Robson was a good sailor; but when the dinner-bell rang, I was relieved to see her come out of her cabin looking perfectly at her ease.

When I found myself sitting beside the beautiful grass-widow, I felt unusually shy, no suitable speech rose to my lips to break the ice gracefully and give my neighbor a good opinion of my wit; but as it was better to talk commonplace than to give some one else the chance of engaging her attention, I took advantage of a portentous lurch of the ship to say:

"You are a good sailor, I perceive."

"I never was ill in my life, I am glad to say. I love the sea," she replied, looking at me with her bright encouraging glance. This started us and we were soon afloat. Mrs. Robson seemed used to making conversation with strangers; she plunged at once into general topics, and did not need the links of common acquaintances to cut up into the small change of conversation.

Once she turned to the steward: "Please go and ask the lady in my cabin if she will take anything. No. 32, Mrs. Robson's cabin."

I was sorry for the poor little governess, but I could not help selfishly rejoicing that her illness gave me the opportunity of making Mrs. Robson's acquaintance without interruption.

After dinner the ladies went into their cabins, while the things were cleared away, and I up on deck to smoke.

The waves were boiling up on either side of the old ship, which with creaking timbers cleaved her way through them in the dusk.

A slight figure wrapped in a shawl came to the head of the companion, and stood there holding on, her hair blowing over her face. It was Mrs. Robson.

"This is brave of you," said I, going up to her.

"I felt I must have a breath of fresh air before going to sleep in that stuffy hole," she replied.

"Come and sit down. There are some deck chairs under the lee of the companion. Take my arm, I will pilot you round; the deck is rather slippery."

She hesitated a moment, then said frankly:

"Thank you, you are very kind to me. I shall be glad to stay up a little longer," and took my proffered arm.

How many things we talked about as we sat in the dark on the gently undulating deck, nothing disturbing us, no sound but the great breathing of the engines and the rushing of the waters as they flew by!

The next morning the "Australia" was tossing about on the Bay of Biscay. When I came up about eight o'clock, the decks were all wet and shiny, and now and again the great white-capped waves came splashing over them.

"Hallo!" I ejaculated, as I staggered, and, notwithstanding the sea-legs acquired in many a yachting cruise, nearly fell against the skylight. "We shan't see many of the ladies on deck to-day."

I was thinking of one lady in particular, and hardly had I made the reflection than I saw her, clinging on to the traffrail.

Her tall, lissom figure swayed with the movement of the vessel, her hair blew in soft rings about her glowing cheeks, her great dark eyes sparkled with enjoyment.

"Is not this splendid?" she cried.

"Indeed it is," I answered, looking at her intently. I did not mean quite the same thing she did, but that did not matter.

"You are a born sailor."

"I have lived by the sea all the happiest time of my life. I am a sailor's child," she said simply.

After breakfast I had the pleasure of trying to steer, Mrs. Robson for a deck walk; no other ladies appeared, only a few men, in pilot coats with their collars turned up and shiny hats, were trying to strut backwards and forwards, every now and then cannoning against each other and flying off at tangents with muttered apologies.

We soon gave up any attempt at locomotion, and wrapping ourselves in rugs and tarpaulins, passed a delightful morning sitting on our deck-chairs.

The better I knew Mrs. Robson the more charming I found her; so fresh and clever without a shadow of affectation, and so unconscious of her own attractions. I had already set down Bill's account of her as libellous.

"Sent home in disgrace!" it was simply impossible to connect such an idea with Mrs. Robson, and I wondered how Bill could have the stupidity to repeat such scandal. If ever proud unconsciousness of evil was imprinted on a woman's words and actions, they were surely here.

Perhaps the very innocence of her mind led her to defy public opinion more than was wise in this gossip-loving world, and no doubt her husband was utterly uncongenial to her. She never even distantly alluded to him or to her life in India, and I was too discreet to start an unpleasant topic; I preferred to draw her out about her girlhood's home by the sea, of which she spoke with passionate fondness.

At lunch-time I escorted her to the door of her cabin, to arrange the splendid masses of her disordered hair. As I held the curtain aside for her to pass in, I caught a glimpse of a pale, peevish, little face on a pillow, and heard a plaintive voice say:

"Oh! How can you walk about and be well this awful weather? Oh, dear, dear! I wish I were dead."

Poor little Miss Lambert! she looked hardly fit to battle with the world, its hard ships seemed already too many for her.

In the afternoon the weather was worse. Mrs. Robson and I sat in the saloon and pretended to read. The few other passengers who were not confined to their berths were scattered up and down the long table, some playing cards, some chattering, some dozing. No one took any notice of us.

We discussed our books, and taking Mrs. Robson's into my hand, I saw written on the title page:

"Helen, from her father."

She saw me looking at it, and taking the book gently from me, murmured:

"My dear father, it was his last present to me, before starting for the voyage from which he never came back."

A tear started to her eye, and getting up she went into her cabin. I remained musing. Helen! I was glad to know her Christian name, that of Mrs. Robson somehow displeased me. I would not call her by it even in thought. Old Robson must be a brute, I felt sure. She never mentioned his name.

Two days later we sat on deck as usual. The ship was ploughing quietly through the deep blue sea, the little ripples of which had not power to make her huge bulk waver. The coast of Portugal rose boldly on our left, we could faintly distinguish the villas and orange groves of Cintra. There had been a little pause. Helen (as I now began to call her to myself) had taken up her book and read a few lines, then resting her fresh young cheek on her slender hand she fixed her great starlike eyes on the distant land.

Presently she said:

"I wish we were on one of the old Greek or Phœnician ships sailing away into unknown seas."

"Why?" said I, not following her thoughts.

"Because I might hope that the voyage would last for years, or for ever. I have no reason to wish it to end."

This was the first time she had alluded to her future in any way. I tried to draw her out a little.

"You do not like Indian life, then?"

"I should perhaps under other circumstances, but I am so bound, so tied, I am hardly allowed any liberty at all."

It was then as I suspected. Old Robson was a tyrant and a jealous one; I felt furiously indignant, but did not dare to express my feelings.

"No—no, there is no chance of that. Don't suppose I am unkindly treated; it is only that a life of constraint is so uncongenial to my independent nature, and I feel it very hard to be always resigned. I beg your pardon," and her sunny smile beamed out again. "Forget what I have said, I did not mean to grumble; I dare say most of the fault is in myself."

I broke out:

"You are a ——" I stopped, and went on quietly—"deal too good for such a life."

"Too good! Oh dear no! I am very rebellious and ungrateful. How many penniless girls would be thankful for such a position as mine!"

I looked at her curiously. What strange creatures women are! With all her pride and independence, Helen Robson was not above consoling herself with the reflection that she had made a good marriage.

She was right, her position as Judge Robson's wife was a fine one for the orphan of a poor naval man; but I wished she had not thought of that, and for the first time in talking to her I felt slightly jarred.

Just then the sound of noisy chattering made us look round. It was little Miss Lambert who, having got over her seasickness, had made her appearance the previous evening at dinner. I gazed at her in amused surprise. What a change a few hours had worked in the pale dishevelled little person I had seen through the cabin doorway!

Her's was the sort of prettiness which requires arrangement, and sea-sickness plays terrible havoc even with the most chiselled features. Now she was trotting about the deck on a pair of neatly-shod little feet; her brilliant pink and white complexion and fluffy flaxen hair giving her the look of a natty animated wax doll.

"What a metamorphosis!" I exclaimed.

"Poor little thing! She was very sorry for herself the first day or two," said Helen with a smile; "but she is making up for it now."

So I perceived. She had already made acquaintance with several of the young men on board, and they were now surrounding her; the peals of laughter which came from the group showing that at any rate she possessed the knack of amusing her companions.

"Well, she may as well make the best of her time now," I said. "For once arrived in Calcutta, she won't have much chance, I expect."

Helen looked a little surprised.

"You know her?" she asked.

"No, I only overheard someone speaking of her."

"Ah! yes," said she reflectively. "She is the sort of person who tells her affairs to the world. I had the whole story in our cabin at night. Her prospect is, after all, no more agreeable than mine; to me it would be more unbearable."

I looked at her with a smile. I could not imagine this splendid young creature loading children out walking, or teaching grammar out of dog's-eared books. It would indeed be Pegasus harnessed to the plough.

The following morning we were in Gibraltar Bay. The glorious old rock towering up before us, the African mountains looming all mauve and hazy beyond the belt of deep blue sea, and on one side, Algeciras basking in the sunlight, its white houses gleaming against the purple background of bare hill-side.

I was standing looking over the side when Mrs. Robson joined me.

"Can we go on shore?" she asked.

"Yes, we stop here several hours. If we start at once we shall have time to see something of Gibraltar."

As I spoke I hailed one of the shore-boats which were approaching us in shoals, and was soon engaged in bargaining with the ill-looking "scorpion" who rowed it.

"You will come in this boat, won't you?" said I to Mrs. Robson when the bargain was struck.

"I should so like to, but——"

"We will ask some of the other ladies, if you like?" said I, a little disappointed, yet acknowledged that her hesitation was natural and prudent.

Just then Miss Lambert came up to us.

"How I should like to go on shore," she said.

"We are just going. Will you come with us?" I replied.

Miss Lambert cast a queer look at Mrs. Robson.

"As chaperon?" she said.

My blood rose. Impertinent little creature! What did she mean?

I longed to say something crushing, but nothing suitable coming into my head at the opening, I contented myself with hoping that Lady Waring was a stern disciplinarian who would repress all ill-timed levity on the part of her governess by severe measures.

A young artillery officer, quartered at Gibraltar, one of Miss Lambert's friends of the day before, joined our party, and in a short time we were all in the narrow stony streets of the town.

Miss Lambert immediately walked on ahead with her "gunner," calling back to us to meet her at the Ragged Staff at three o'clock, and we saw them jump into one of the rickety little carriages which, with their flimsy curtains of striped print, look like diminutive four-post beds on wheels, and drive rattling away. Certainly she was a young lady who knew how to look after herself, we need not trouble ourselves about her.

"What shall we do?" I asked my companion.

"I should so like to see the rock galleries," she replied.

So we climbed up endless steps to the old Moorish castle, where a stolid artillery man took us in charge. He led us through long passages cut in the solid rock, up flights and flights of steps, in and out, a perfect labyrinth honeycombing the face of the precipice. The path was often rugged and dark, and I took Helen's little hand in mine to help her along. I fancied it trembled.

At last we reached St. George's Hall, a great rock chamber, in which we felt as if we felt as if in some vast underground dungeon, until going to the aperture through which the daylight dimly illuminated its massive vaults, we suddenly saw stretched before us a vast panorama of sea and sky, and the long coast line of Spain, backed by the distant Ronda mountains.

"This is like fairy land," said Helen, drawing a long breath.

"You can climb out of this opening, if the lady isn't afraid," said our guide. "The rock falls sheer away from the ledge below, and you look right down a thousand feet, on to the neutral ground and North Front. The people and houses below you look like toys."

Helen was enchanted with the idea, and we prepared to get through the aperture. I scrambled out first, and then the old gunner helped Helen up, and there she stood above me framed in the rude outline of the rocky opening.

"Now jump," I cried, holding up my hands to meet hers. She obeyed, but by ill-luck her dress caught on a projection of the rock and baulked her. Instead of landing clear, she gave a stumble and almost fell forward. There was nothing but a fringe of ragged bushes between us and the fearful precipice. I threw my arm round her waist and for an instant we swayed together towards the abyss. She closely pressed to my side, her cheek almost against mine. It was but a second; we recovered our equilibrium directly, and stood side by side looking down into the depths below us.

It had been but a second, but that second was enough. Enough? it was too much. I had held her in my arms and a thousand tumultuous feelings sprang up within me.

We climbed back into the Hall. Helen avoided looking at me, and we retraced our steps almost in silence. I wondered whether the old soldier noticed the change in our behavior. I hardly remember anything of that walk back, I was so overwhelmed by the discovery that I was in love with Judge Robson's wife.

It was useless trying to deceive myself, and I grimly laughed as I made the admission. To think that I, sensible hard-headed man of the world, should give in so easily! I had embarked in the flirtation with so light a heart, to while away the tedium of a voyage. And what was the result? In six days I was completely taken captive.

Truly six days at sea may count as six weeks or even six months ashore, but a married woman too! My case was desperate. Helen was a woman that any man might be proud of loving, were she free; but she was not—there was the abyss.

These thoughts tore through my brain as I paced the deck that night alone. For the first time since our departure, Helen remained invisible. I longed, yet dreaded, to see her again.

A busy demon was whispering in my ear. He told me that she shared my passion; that our fate was decided for us whether we would or no; that we had a clear three weeks before her husband could come to claim her, he urged me to make the most of the time, too short already, which remained to us. As I thought of old Robson I ground my teeth and stamped with rage. To think that I should meet the only woman who ever had, or ever would realise my ideal, and meet her too late!

Judge Robson's wife!

Far into the night I paced the deck, a prey to this inward conflict; but at last I won the victory over my worse self, and the tempting demon fled.

I made up my mind to leave the ship at Malta, and after that—happen what would. I could look no further. Business, friends, everything else must be sacrificed. Never would I be the cause of Helen's ruin; the thought was a desecration.

The next morning I came on deck after a sleepless night, excited and wretched, wish-

ing yet dreading, the first sight of Helen.

The first person I saw was Miss Lambert looking as usual very trim, pert, and provoking.

"Here we are, all surrounded by the horrid old sea again," she said. "How I did long to get left behind at Gib. If I could do as I pleased I would not go a yard farther."

"You like Gibraltar?" said I, for the sake of saying something.

"It is better than India, anyhow. I am in no hurry to get there, I can tell you. I had a jolly day on shore. We drove out to Europa, and on our way back we had tea at the artillery mess. But you don't look as if you had enjoyed it much. Did you spend your time quarreling? My cabin companion has come back looking as glum as you do."

I felt thoroughly exasperated. This girl might do Mrs. Robson no end of harm with her thoughtless chatter. What business was it of hers how Helen looked?

I answered very stiffly:

"Mrs. Robson is no doubt overtired with the expedition yesterday; as for my having anything to do with her being in low spirits such a supposition is quite uncalled for."

"Mrs. Robson is not in the least tired with her expedition," said the provoking little creature, slightly mimicking my lofty manner. "And you are vastly mistaken," she went on boldly, "if you imagine your humors can have the slightest effect on her."

I gazed on my tormentor quite astounded by so much assurance.

"I beg your pardon, I was not aware you were entitled to answer for Mrs. Robson's sentiments."

For all reply to this speech, this incomprehensible little person leaned back against the bulwarks and burst into peals of laughter. No doubt my face was ludicrous enough as I stood looking at her, lost in amazement and disgust, for each time she raised her eyes and began to speak she went off into a fresh fit of inextinguishable laughter. I was just about to march off to choke down my offended dignity in private leaving her to get over her amusement by herself, when the cause of our misunderstanding came on deck. My companion sprang forward.

"Dear Miss Lambert, have the goodness to explain to this lunatic who we are. I really can't, he makes me laugh so. He is furious because I persist in answering for my own state of mind, and has been talking the greatest nonsense."

All became clear to me with a flash, and I saw what an idiot I had made of myself. I had been at cross purposes with Helen all the time, and had only my own denseness to thank for the fix I was in.

I quickly resolved to throw myself on the mercy of my tormentor, and casting an imploring glance at her, I said, "Have pity on me, Mrs. Robson; I have made a dreadful fool of myself, but don't hold me up to ridicule before the whole ship."

The little woman was as good-natured as feather-brained, and answered promptly:

"Don't be afraid of me. I won't tell of you, if you can succeed in explaining your conduct to the satisfaction of this young lady. I shall leave you now to make all straight with her."

And giving me an expressive look, the kind-hearted little grass-widow left us.

My explanations were soon made, to the mutual satisfaction of Helen and myself. We then sought out Mrs. Robson, to confide to her the result of our interview. She entered into our projects with characteristic lightness of heart, and instantly invited Helen to stay at her house in Calcutta.

The details of our future proceedings would be tedious. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not leave the ship at Malta, and that Lady Waring had to look out for another governess.

A Schemer.

BY HENRY HATTON.

IT IS a curious circumstance that while the waiting room at your dentist's is sure to be a cheerful apartment, well provided with illustrated papers and the current magazines, your need of distraction and entertainment before a trying interview is never similarly recognized by your solicitor, who leaves you to attend his leisure either in an outer office, where every sign of agitation on your part is noted and enjoyed by the clerks, or at best in a wretched little ante-room of unmitigated dulness and dingy discomfort.

"I suppose," thought Miss Sybil Eason, who had come to a lawyer's office for the first time in her life, and was struck by the above contrast—"I suppose it is because lawyers don't often have women to visit them, and never children;—Do you think Mr. Wiggins will soon be disengaged?" she inquired of the clerk nearest to her.

"I can't say, miss, but I shouldn't think he would be long," he answered civilly, for Sybil was not only a lady, but young and pretty. He wondered what she had come about, and why she was so nervous.

As a matter of fact Sybil was more impatient than nervous; and presently, when she was ushered into the solicitor's room, she had all her wits about her, and looked straight and composedly into his face. She knew him by sight well enough; the small, untidily-dressed figure, the clean-shaven face, the bright eyes and protruding under-lip, had been familiar to her since her childhood; but she wanted to read beyond these—to find out whether he was kind and whether he was clever.

Augustus Wiggins was not a man to be read like a book. He fondly believed, indeed, that he was the most inscrutable of men, and with a view to sustaining this character had an odd habit of changing his manner continually. At this moment he was the busy professional man.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he inquired, looking at her penetratingly over his spectacles.

Sybil was an intelligent girl, and taking her cue from him, straightened herself and spoke out with a reflection of his business-like air.

"I am the daughter of Dr. Eason, of Morley Square, Bayswater," she stated "and wish to ask you in the first place whether you would, under any circumstances, undertake a case for him without being sure of the payment in the event of its being decided against him?"

"Um—that would depend on the nature of the case," replied Mr. Wiggins cautiously. "I might, of course, be able to predict the issue with certainty."

"Let me tell you," said Sybil, and then you can judge."

Like most ladies, she forgot that a lawyer's preliminary opinion even has an exchange value, but Mr. Wiggins was privately influenced by her fresh beauty, and encouraged her with a grave bow to proceed.

"It wont take many words," she said, "for I've written it all down clearly, so as not to make a mess of it in the telling."

At this Mr. Wiggins' manner underwent a sudden transformation; open surprise and admiration illumined his countenance.

"My dear young lady, what admirable forethought! How I wish your example might be followed by every client I have! Admirable, admirable!"

His pretty visitor produced a note-book and proceeded to set forth, with details into which we need not enter, how her father's claim to a legacy of £250,000 was being disputed on account of a mere technicality, by a certain Mr. Hugh Lorrain to whom the money must come if the will were proved invalid.

"My father is too poor to fight it out," said the girl. "He is afraid of heavy law expenses, and would rather give everything up at once. That is why I have come to you. There are over so many of us, and we want the money dreadfully; why should we surrender it without a struggle to this mean man who has not a shadow of real right to it?"

The girl spoke indignantly; her eyes flashed, and she looked so lovely that Augustus Wiggins quite forgot to consider his own pecuniary interests.

"My dear Miss Eason!" he exclaimed, with quite unprofessional gallantry, "I place myself unreservedly at the service of your youth and beauty. Let your father come and give me instructions, and I will do all I can for him."

"Must you see him?" asked Sybil, in dismay. 'Won't what I have told you do? He is sure to decline to accept your generous offer. Oh, Mr. Wiggins! couldn't you make it double or quits? Let him pay you double, I mean, if he wins, and nothing if he loses."

The solicitor's eyes twinkled at this refreshing ingenuity on the part of a client.

"Well, well," he said "arrangements of some such nature have been come to before now, but in this case your father may set his mind at rest, the costs would certainly be ordered out of the estate. Anyhow my dear, most intelligent young lady, I am paid in advance by the honor and pleasure of your visit."

Sybil finished pulling up the wrists of her gloves, and then looked up at him with a smile.

"You are as nice now, Mr. Wiggins," she said, "as you used to be in Morley Square, when you always took the side of us children against our enemy, the gardener."

"What!" exclaimed the lawyer, regarding her with fresh interest; "were you one of those dear little girls who would skip on the gravel and send the stones all over the grass?"

"Yes," replied Sybil; "and you always told the man to let us enjoy ourselves, and sometimes you turned the rope and counted for us."

"So I did, so I did," said Wiggins, nodding his head. "Dear me! you've grown up very quickly."

"Ah, I'm the eldest girl," remarked Sybil laughing, "and that in a large family is an ageing circumstance. Good-bye, Mr. Wiggins. I don't know how to thank you."

"Now, that's a sweet little maid," said the lawyer to himself, when he had watched her down-stairs, "and I would like to save her fortune from Hugh Lorrain. He's a hard man as I know of old."

The afternoon was drawing to a close, and presently Mr. Wiggins, still thinking over the Lorrain case, put on his shabby old hat and prepared to leave the office. As he passed outside the door of an inner room, where he wished to deposit some papers, a sudden thought struck him.

"Hugh Lorrain had a son!" he exclaimed and then he stopped, put his cane to his nose, and made a calculation.

"That girl was still a little thing when I left Morley Square, and in those days I used to visit at Hugh Lorrain's and see his boy Bertie, who was at Eton. He must be six or seven and twenty by now. Who was the king who planned a match to stave off the Thirty Years' War? Well, why not Wiggins, to nip a law-suit in the bud? James was a bungler, and failed; but Wiggins isn't and won't."

The scheme fascinated him. It not only offered scope for the display of all those gifts of tact and diplomacy upon which he piqued himself, but roused an old-fashioned chivalry in his breast.

"It is to be done," he told himself, "but I must be as wily as Ulysses, as patient—as Penelope."

Next day Dr. Eason, a nervous man with a thin, fair face and deprecating manner, called and gave him not only all the information in his possession, but full instructions to act for him. The more Wiggins entered into the case, the more doubtful he became as to his client's chance of winning it, and the more closely he hugged the notion of bringing about a match between Bertie Lorrain and Sybil. As a first move he found out that the young man was at present in an architect's office in Bloomsbury, and, important detail, usually lunched at a certain restaurant in the neighborhood.

Thither at lunch time the very next day old Wiggins betook himself, and there, glancing round, he perceived his young friend at a table close at hand, and immediately possessed himself of the opposite seat.

"Well, Bertie Lorrain, it's a long while since I tumbled across you," he observed, feigning what he considered just the right amount, and no more, of astonishment.

The young man could not fail to recognize the queer, ill-dressed, bright-eyed little man whom he had often seen at his father's house in bygone days.

"Mr. Wiggins, as I live!" he returned, shaking hands cordially, "and looking not a day older."

"Can't say the same of you, my boy. You have grown into the man about town since I last saw you. What are you doing?"

"Oh, grinding in an architect's office near here."

"Married, or engaged, or going to be?"

"No."

"Brave! that sounds sensible. No woman worth having, eh?"

Lorrain laughed. He was a pleasant-looking young fellow, with the frankest imaginable manner.

"That's what I mean to think till I get some cash, anyhow," he said.

"Pooh! Cash! Talk like that at your age! I'm ashamed of you. Chops good here?"

"Very fair."

"Waiter, get me a chop done to a cinder. You know," the lawyer explained to Lorrain, knowingly, "if you order a chop well done, they'll bring it to you a little less raw than usual; if you want it cooked, you must say done to a cinder! Now tell me about yourself."

At the end of an amicable conversation, the two parted with mutual friendliness, Lorrain promising to dine with the solicitor the following Thursday.

Obviously the next move was to get Dr. Eason to bring his wife and daughter the same day; and consent to this being obtained, Wiggins felt that the battle was half won.

He now devoted himself to arranging the details of this dinner-party, which must be planned from beginning to end with a view to arousing the interest of the young couple in one another.

When Thursday came, his two servants wondered at his fussiness. As a rule, he allowed them to manage his dinners without interference, but on this occasion not only must he inspect the menu and give minute instructions about the waiting, but he must take the arrangements of the drawing-room furniture out of the housemaid's hands. The piano must be put so, the chess-table so, this little armchair here, that screen there, and so on all round the room.

"What's the meaning of it all, that's what I want to know?" demanded the outraged Jane.

"Old Miss Brown's coming; he's going a-courting of her," sniggered the cook—a conviction in which she was much confirmed when, just as the guests were expected, Jane informed her that the master had appeared in a new dress suit, with a flower in his buttonhole, and a pair of glasses on his nose.

Lorrain was the first to arrive, admirably dressed, and with a dash of the patrician about his open, self-possessed bearing, which Wiggins noted with approval as sure to impress the unsophisticated Sybil. The solicitor contrived very casually to drop the fact that he expected some people of the name of Eason, and had the satisfaction of seeing a look of keen interest dart into Lorrain's expressive face.

"Living in Morley Square?" the young man asked quickly; but before any answer could be given the door opened and the Easons were announced.

Sybil's allowance was what girls call "skimpy," but she had a knack of putting on her clothes so that the poorest of them looked well on her; and as she stepped in now, with soft folds of Indian muslin falling about her lissom figure, a pretty flush on her cheeks, and a smile on her lips for her friend Mr. Wiggins, she made a charming picture, and one that effected an abiding lodgment for itself in Lorrain's mind.

As for her, she was a good deal excited at being introduced to any one of the name of Lorrain. At first she tried to be cool and reserved, but soon she unbent, reflecting that she might have caught the name wrong, or he might belong to quite another family of Lorrains. In the course of dinner, however, he asked her whether she lived in Morley Square, and she flashed the question back at him: Did he live in Queen's Gate?—upon which a momentary silence ensued, which was broken by a deft reference on Wiggins' part to what he had found to be Bertie's hobby—namely, mountaineering in the Alps. Lorrain was easily prevailed on to hold forth on this subject, and Sybil, getting intensely interested, quite forgot to convey by her manner how she hated him.

After dinner Wiggins put forth all his powers as a strategist, and made it surprisingly easy for Lorrain not only to see a great deal of Sybil in the course of the evening, but to provide safely for the further development of the acquaintance.

"I shall allow myself the pleasure, then, Miss Eason, of sending you the book we have been talking about," Wiggins heard him say, as the Easons rose to go. He was looking very straight into the girl's face, and her "Thank you very much; good night," was given in a low, slightly constrained voice.

During the next few weeks, the young man, really, thoroughly in love, went ahead like a steam-engine helped by the puny pushes of a child, who imagines it is doing all the work—Wiggins, it need not be said, being the child.

Sybil was bewildered by the frequency with which she met the son of her father's opponent, but Mr. Lorrain always looked so very surprised to see her, that she could not for a moment suspect him of complicity.

All this time, though both knew well enough that a law suit was pending between their parents, the question was never broached between them.

Sybil had a reputation for plunging headlong into any subject rather than maintain a constrained silence upon it, but on this matter a new shyness kept her silent; while Lorrain was moving heaven and earth to persuade his father to resign his claim, and had so far signally failing, naturally avoided a topic likely to raise hostility.

At last the date was fixed for the trial to come on, and then Bertie marched into Wiggins' office, looking the picture of despair.

"I'm going daft, Wiggins," he remarked, "and this sickening case is at the bottom of it."

"Kindly remember that I am solicitor for the other side, and avoid the subject," said the lawyer severely.

"Oh, hang it!" said Lorrain, "I'm not going to discuss the case. I only want to say that it's a sin and a shame, and if I had a voice in the matter I'd withdraw the claim on our side and apologise humbly for ever having made it."

"That statement, made to me by your father through his solicitor, would be interesting and valuable; from you it is mere waste of words."

"Wiggins don't get on the stilts," said Lorrain impatiently. "You might see what a fix I'm in."

"You are taking up my time, sir," remarked Wiggins significantly.

"Then you may as well listen to me. Don't you understand that I'm dead set on marrying Sybil Eason, and that whichever way the case is settled I'm done for? If we win she will simply loathe me, and if they win how can I make up to a girl who'll have such a pot of money? Speak up, sir—what am I to do?"

"Speak up yourself," said Wiggins shortly.

"To her do you mean? Now? My word, if I dared! Do you think she'd let me?"

Wiggins put on his spectacles and looked the young man up and down without a word.

Lorrain positively blushed at the implied compliment.

"Seriously, do you think I might? Oh, Wiggins, what an awfully good fellow you are! I say, how do you think the case will go?"

"Your question, Mr. Lorrain," said Wiggins magisterially, "is improper to the last degree. Kindly leave my office."

Lorrain walked out very soberly and hailed a hansom.

"Now or never," he said to himself as he directed the cabman to Morley Square.

Once more luck favored him; Sybil was sauntering round the square alone. Bertie joined her, and presently—she hardly knew how—she found herself sitting on a bench with him standing in front of her.

He was quite simple and direct. "Sybil," he said, "your father and mine are fighting this case, and next week it will be decided; if for us, you will hate me; if for you I can't play the part of a fortune hunter. So let me say now that all I want in this world is you for a wife, and tell me, Sybil—will you give me what I want?"

Sybil was equally simple, but had not so much to say. "I don't know whether I know you well enough," she faltered, glancing up at him and down again, "but I think—I think I do."

And therewith she glanced up again with a happy smile and told herself that of course she did, was he not everything a man should be?

Dr. Eason took Mr. Wiggins' word for it that this engagement was an excellent thing but old Hugh Lorrain was furious for days.

Then Bertie made a solemn appeal to him and in the end the old man, actuated partly by affection for his son, partly by not unfounded anxiety as to the result of the trial, consented to agree to a compromise. This Dr. Eason had always signified his readiness to enter into, and finally, after endless consultations, a division of the money was effected which, while leaving Dr. Eason principal legatee, settled a large sum on the young couple.

Wiggins was not so jubilant as might be expected. True his great scheme succeeded admirably, and his reputation for diplomacy was recognized all round; but, on the other hand, he had become deeply interested in the case itself, and so convinced of his ability to establish Dr. Eason's claim, that the compromise patched up at the last minute seemed to snatch a second, even sweeter cup of triumph from his lips.

It was not till the wedding-day arrived that his self-satisfaction regained undivided supremacy. On that occasion his calm consciousness of sagacity, benevolence and power, over his fellow-men made his manner grand. Everybody credited him with having been the manager of this affair, and for once in his life he had his fill, or almost his fill, of deference and respect.

Privately Lorrain whispered to Sybil,

with the basest ingratitude, "You know, all old Wiggins really had to do with it was the original introduction. After that I didn't need any egging on; boys would have found out the way anyhow."

"But I shall never forget that Mr. Wiggins thought of it and smoothed it," said Sybil warmly. "I'm going to be grateful to him all my life."

"Blind Man's Buff."

BY THEO MONRO.

AT home they call her Mrs. Mordaunt, but here she is better known as "Blind Man's Buff."

Such was the reply made to me by my friend Tom Carter, in answer to a question asked with some warmth and enthusiasm, as we were leaving the little railway-station hard by the Rigi Kaltbad, on our way to the bureau of the hotel, to make inquiries for bed and board.

A tall handsome man was at the moment advancing towards us, and on his arm leaned a girl of some twenty summers—a girl in years, but with a certain air and dignity about her which proclaimed her a married woman.

They were a striking and distinguished-looking pair; but the man, though strongly built and in the prime of life, moved with a nervous and hesitating step, and now and then he stopped short in his walk, until encouraged to proceed by the voice and guidance of the beautiful woman by his side.

"We are indeed glad you have come," said the lady cordially to my friend, as she shook hands with him. "Jack's growing very tired of having only poor little me for a companion, and the English here at present are few and far between."

The silent pressure of her husband's arm which accompanied this remark showed more than volumes of words could have done the devotion subsisting between them. The pair formed a pretty picture—he, dark, broad-shouldered, with the limbs of an athlete; she, hazel-eyes, slight, and very fair.

I had gathered from my friend's remark about "Blind Man's Buff" that Mr. Mordaunt was blind; but one would not have guessed it from the appearance of his eyes. There was no film upon them; they were soft and luminous. It was only when they were turned full upon myself that one noticed that they were vacant and expressionless. His face in repose was very sad; but at the voice of the young wife a smile would break about his lips that was joyous, tender, full of love, his whole being seeming to change and his face to become transfigured by its brightness.

"What a charming people!" said I to my friend as we passed on and mounted the flight of steps that led to the terrace of the Kaltbad. "Tell me—has he been always blind?"

"It is a sad story and a long one," said Tom; "I will tell it to you to-night over our evening pipe. It has always seemed to me a species of profanity to relate the story of "Blind Man's Buff," save where one is free from interruption and out of reach of vulgar ears."

In the magnificent salon, all white and gold, in which four hundred guests sat down that night to dinner at the Kaltbad, it was my good fortune to sit immediately opposite "Blind Man's Buff" and her husband. My interest in them kindled to enthusiasm; and in the tender twilight, as the last hues of rose-color were fading slowly from the snow-capped Alps in front of us, Tom Carter told me the story of their love.

* * * * *

"In August, a year ago," said Tom, as he puffed leisurely at his cigar, "I came to the Kaltbad with Jack Mordaunt, who was an old college-friend of mine: and here we both met Miss Elizabeth Dalrymple, more commonly called Buff, for the first time. Jack was a jolly dog then, handsome, careless, and gay, and Buff was a slip of a girl, up to every mischief under heaven."

"Mordaunt was not blind then?" I asked.

"Blind? Bless your heart, no! Jack had as wicked a pair of eyes as ever flashed with passion or softened with love. The women doated on him, raved about him, quarrelled over him—all but Buff Dalrymple. She snubbed him."

"He does not look the sort of man to stand snubbed," said I, as there rose before my mind's eye a vision of a resolute mouth, a square chin, and a face the chief charm of which lay in its evident power and self-control.

"It cowed him horribly, but what could he do? Buff Dalrymple's beautiful face had taken a command of his balance at first sight. The more she repelled his advances, the stronger his passion grew. He would fetch and carry for her like a dog. She would leave her paint-box at the Kursaal, or her shawl at the Kulm, and send the poor beggar back in all sorts of weather to fetch the things she had purposely left behind. Sometimes he was broiled by the sun, sometimes he was drenched by the rain, and his reward was usually a half-contemptuous nod of thanks which used to make my blood boil. She was a fascinating little witch certainly, with her great hazel eyes and auburn hair; but I really grew to hate her—I did indeed—she made such a fool of Jack."

"How then did this great change come about?" said I, as I thought of the loving pressure of the arm that I had noticed when first I had met the pair.

"Gently, gently; hurry no man's cattle. Let me tell my story in my own way. Miss Dalrymple was an only child and an heiress. Her mother was dead. Her father, a man who had made his money in business and had bought land in more than one county, naturally looked high for his only child, and even dreamed of a coronet.

"At the time of which I am speaking there was an Italian Marquess staying here, a parvenu, it is true, but a good-looking fellow enough, with a glib tongue, a suave manner, and a fine tenor voice. He was quite a 'new man' in Rome, and the Italians who were here at the same time, and who for the most part belonged to the Vatican party, with old Dalrymple, toadied him and Dalrymple used to go about the grounds of the Kaltbad singing the praises of his young friend the Marchese Collini to every one he met.

"I think it was to vex Mordaunt, rather than from any other reason, that Miss Dalrymple encouraged the Italian's attention, for, to do the girl justice, she had not an atom of her father's vulgarity, and was always unaffected and downright.

"Mordaunt was jealous—madly jealous. He had not a sixpence in the world of his own. He was an artist by profession, and very far from being in the front rank of any school. His pictures were merely pretty—they would not sell; while his father, who was a country parson with a quiverful of children, could render him no assistance. He knew well enough from the first that in such circumstances, even had the girl herself shown signs of yielding to his hot pursuit, the old gentleman would have considered it almost an insult had he made a formal offer for his daughter's hand.

"The Italian meanwhile was making the running fast. He warbled love-songs by the hour, playing his own accompaniments and fixing his dreamy eyes on Buff with all that suppressed passion that Italians, beyond all others, can so successfully feign.

"The Marchese Collini was an accomplished man. Jack Mordaunt was not accomplished. He could paint a bit, it is true but he knew nothing of music, and could scarcely distinguish the 'Dead March in Saul' from 'Yankee Doodle.' These musical mornings were gall and bitterness to Jack. At last he could stand the strain no longer, and he resolved to know his fate from Miss Dalrymple's own fair lips. He spoke as in old times that fierce energy and passion which characterized all Jack's actions and made him so idolized by women—by all but Buff.

"I was sitting, one glorious afternoon, in one of those cosy nooks in the Wilderness, reading Ouida's last novel, when I heard steps approaching from the direction of the house, along the upper path. I had on my spot sheltered by the thickest foliage, which hid me entirely from view.

"There was, however, a gap in the trees above me, from which, through a frame of boughs, could be seen one of the most perfect views to be obtained anywhere on the Rigi mountain.

"The footsteps approached the gap and stopped. For a few moments there was silence; then I heard Mordaunt's voice in passionate pleading first and then in profound despair. I did not hear his words. No doubt they were not more fraught with wisdom than those of most lovers are, but his tone went to my heart.

"There was such a tremor in his voice, and now and again a sound that was almost a sob seemed to choke his utterance. Then I heard a little mocking laugh. The footsteps paused and died away, and I knew that Jack Mordaunt had been refused.

"I never knew a fellow so wretched in all my life as Mordaunt was that night. He took me into his confidence. I tried to comfort him; but one might as well have tried to give comfort to the dead.

"I helped him to pack his traps, for he could not, would not stay; and the next morning, before the Kaltbad world was stirring Jack Mordaunt had departed to another locality.

"Mordaunt had no sooner gone than Buff Dalrymple's manner towards her Italian suitor completely changed. She no longer gave him the slightest encouragement; indeed she snubbed him so unmercifully that his Southern nature took quick offence, and there was a very pretty quarrel between them.

"It ended as such things usually end when a girl permits the attention of one man to stir the jealousy of another. The Marchese Collini proposed, and was rejected—rejected too in such unmistakable terms as to leave no room for a second appeal. He departed from the Kaltbad in a whirlwind of passion. Old Dalrymple was furious with his daughter, and poor Buff herself was as miserable as even Collini could have desired.

"Not long after the Marchese's departure a pic-nic was organized to some rocks of a very picturesque character in the neighborhood of the Kloesterli. Mr. Dalrymple and his daughter were of the party, and I went also.

"When we reached the spot where we had intended to lunch, we were unpleasantly surprised to find it already occupied by a party of people from the Scheideck, amongst whom was Jack Mordaunt himself. There were many of each set however who were personally known to individuals of the other, and the two parties eventually amalgamated and contributed the contents of their respective hampers to the general meal.

"I saw Buff change color when she first noticed Jack among the Scheideck party. He bowed to her, but he did not speak. There was a settled sadness on his handsome face, and his bright bold eyes looked reproachfully into hers when he raised his hat as he passed.

"Not a word could I get from Buff Dalrymple so long as the meal continued. After lunch, a walk was proposed up the hill to the Rigi-Staffel, and it was suggested that on the way we should visit a rift in the rocks where the dark blue gentian and the mountain-ash flour ished in more than usual luxuriance.

"I constituted myself Buff's escort. She was the last to handle a stick. Not far behind, Jack Mordaunt was piloting the stout [illegible] Frankfort Jew, who was bending all her energies to catch Jack on the rebound.

"Presently we came to the fissure in the rocks, a precipitous chasm some forty feet deep, from the sides of which sprang quantities of the coveted blue gentians, larger and finer, it was said, than any that could be found elsewhere upon the mountain. Successive tourists had plucked all the flowers within reach, and the beautiful bells seemed to mock us defiantly from the narrow ledge of rock where no human foot could safely tread.

"The sun had sunk behind the mountains as we neared the [illegible]. Black clouds were coming up swiftly against the wind. As we neared the chasm where the gentians grew, the sky became everywhere overcast and there was that peculiar stillness in the air which surely heralds an Alpine storm.

"Buff Dalrymple was bending down over the end of the chasm, vainly attempting to reach a tuft of gentians which grew on a ledge of the rock below. Unable to gather them, she turned appealingly to me. I tried to grasp them, but in vain. Even my long arms could not reach their tempting bells.

"'I think I could get them for you, Miss Dalrymple,' said Jack's voice behind us, 'at least I'll try.'

"'No, no!' cried Buff hurriedly, as Jack grasping a tough bough of a mountain-ash which grew hard by, swung himself on to the ledge below.

"The mountain-ash, all its ruddy glories nodding and gleaming under Mordaunt's weight, had its roots firmly fixed amongst the rocks. It bore the strain, and Jack, letting go the bough, stooped to gather the coveted blue flowers.

"'Oh, let me pick them myself!' cried Buff from above, seized with some uncontrollable impulse to let Jack run no risks she would not dare. 'Catch me, Mr. Mordaunt! I am coming by the same way as you.'

"Before I or anyone else could stop her, the reckless girl had swung herself on the rock by the help of the mountain-ash, and in another moment stood, with Jack's arm around her, by his side.

"The ledge of rock was narrow. Below it sprang a tuft of gentians which grew in the cave from view. Some of the gentians were already in Mordaunt's hands. I saw him stoop to gather the rest. She rose with a great bunch of blue cups. In [illegible] arms could not reach their topmost bells.

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Our Young Folks.

STOLEN AWAY.

BY E. E. CUTHELL.

CONDEMNED to lie still! Can any of my little readers who run and jump and play, as merrily as Katie did, quite realize what it means?

When first Katie sprained her ankle by treading on a stone, I am sure she did not. But that was more than three weeks before, and she was somewhat used to it.

The ankle, though still discolored and weak, was growing stronger, but Katie was growing paler and more dispirited.

She was a somewhat indulged only child, and her parents did all they could to cheer her enforced confinement. But Katie missed her walks, and rides, and games, and no amount of comforts in that drawing-room, no number of pretty books and toys, could make up for them.

She had even grown tired that afternoon of the new picture-book Aunt Mary had sent her.

She had looked at all the views of Italy, at the great church of St. Peter at Rome, at the ruins of the Colosseum, and at the burning mountain in the Bay of Naples, and now she lay back dreaming about them.

How she wished she was a swallow, and could fly away south to these beautiful places, instead of being tied to a sofa with a bad ankle.

Suddenly a hurdy-gurdy struck up in the street, under the open window. Ah! thought Katie, there was an Italian, no doubt, but one who had left his own fair land to grind out tunes in a smoky city street.

And then it dawned upon her mind that perhaps people were in no way happier in sunny Italy than they were in her own land.

The tune stopped, and a shrill little voice, which was certainly not that of the organ-grinder, came up.

"S'gnor, S'gnorina, datemi un penny, if you please!"

Katie raised herself on her elbow to listen.

"Who is that, Eliza?" she asked the maid.

"Only a little Italian girl, as dances to the horgan, miss."

"Oh, I should like to see her! I wonder if she likes the pictures. Look, will you, Eliza!"

"Well, miss, she is a funny little figure, to be sure, with such black eyes and funny ways, and a white cloth on her head."

Katie's curiosity was much excited.

"Oh, how I wish I could see! How I wish I might just run to and peep out! Eliza, I shall—I will——"

"Oh, please don't do no such thing, miss. Your mamma would be in a way, and you would put your ankle back weeks. Now do be good, Miss Katie."

"I shan't, Eliza, I'm very dull, and I want to see her. I've been reading all about Italy, and then the little girl just comes by. It's very hard I can't see her. I shall try."

"Now look here, miss, if you'll be good, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get her to step up here a minute, for you to see how she's dressed."

"Oh, yes, do, Eliza, and make haste and bring her, or I shall hobble to the window."

Little Nita looked very frightened when Eliza brought her into the beautiful drawing-room.

Nita wore a white "tavola," or folded square of linen, instead of a cap, and a rather dirty embroidered apron over her white camisette and striped skirt. In one hand she held her tambourine.

"Dance, dance to the little lady," said Eliza.

Nita understood, and then began to dance.

"How pretty," sighed Katie. "I wish I could dance."

But Nita's black eyes had wandered wistfully to the slices of cake which lay on the tea-table.

"She's hungry, I expect, Eliza. How odd! I can't dance, and I don't care for the good things I have, and she goes hungry. I think she's even worse off and more to be pitied than I am. Give her the cake, Eliza."

Nita seized it eagerly, and filled her mouth, then, as if remembering her manners, she popped it into her apron pocket, and began a little dance of thanks.

Katie smiled.

"Poor little girl! I wish I could talk to you. I wonder what brought you so far from home. But do you understand this. Look here."

And she held out her picture book, and pointed to the view of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples.

To her surprise, Nita's face lit up with joy, while her eyes filled with tears, and, throwing herself on her knees, she kissed the picture.

"Oh, Eliza! I do believe it is her home."

"Come, miss, she mustn't stay any longer; the horgan man's making signs for her."

So Nita was hurried out of the room.

"I don't believe he's kind to her," remarked Eliza, when she returned. "He's took away the sixpence I gave her, and scolded her, poor little thing."

When her mother came home she noticed that Katie was more patient and gentle than she had ever been since her accident, and grumbled less over her inactivity.

But Katie dreamed all that night about Italy, and that Nita was dragging her up Vesuvius, to show her the hole where the smoke came from.

Next morning there was a great fuss amongst the servants. Some money that had been laid out for stamps, with the letters on the hall table was not to be found. Eliza and the maids declared Nita had stolen it.

"She must have taken it while I was opening the door and slipped it into her pocket. That's what comes of being kind to them dirty foreigners."

But Katie was very angry with Eliza for saying that, and declared that she was sure Nita had not taken the money, but was a good little girl.

But what of Nita?

She had passed a miserable night. For not long after leaving Katie's house, the organ-grinder had been knocked down and run over at a crowded crossing, and Nita, standing on the curbstone, saw him picked up by the police, and taken to the hospital in a cab, with his organ on top.

Nita, weeping, found her way back to the garret where they lodged, without a penny in her pocket to buy food, and not knowing where to turn for help.

It was a wet, drizzling morning, and Katie lay on her sofa again looking at her book, when she heard Nita's shrill voice again.

"What can she want?" wondered Katie. "Perhaps the organ-man's not kind to her, and she's run away from him. Do let her come up again, and let's see her."

But Eliza had hurried down, and opening the street-door, began, in rather cross tones, to order poor Nita away.

But Katie's mamma, who was writing in the dining-room, heard the talking and came to the door.

Directly she saw Nita, with her white tear-stained face and clasped hands, begging to come in, she beckoned to her. But Nita flew past her in the hall, and rushed up-stairs to Katie.

"She's no business to be allowed in the house, ma'am," said Eliza. "She took the money you laid on the table when I let her in yesterday."

"Took money" Are you sure, Eliza? I had it here. Have you looked well?" and Katie's mother herself began to search about.

Another minute, and from under some papers she brought out the coin, which had slipped in among them. Then she followed Nita up-stairs.

The poor child had thrown herself on her knees by Katie's sofa, and was pouring out her sad story. Happily, Katie's mother understood Italian well, and very soon had Nita standing quietly by her side, and repeating it to her calmly.

It came out that Nita's mother was dead, and her father, a sailor, whose home was on the Bay of Naples, had been absent at sea so long that he was supposed to have been drowned.

The woman in whose charge he had left Nita, not caring to keep her for nothing, had allowed the organ-grinder to take her away, where she earned more pennies for him by dancing to his organ in her little Italian dress than a monkey would have done.

Nevertheless, he beat her and starved her, and poor Nita's only wish was to escape from him, and then get back to her native land.

Katie and her mother were so interested in her story, that they set to work making inquiries from the Italian authorities about it.

In the meantime they took care that Nita was sheltered and cared for. Presently they heard from Naples that the missing father had made his appearance, and was overjoyed to receive news of the long lost daughter he had been searching for so vainly.

Thus it happened that the first walk that Katie took when her ankle was well was from the carriage on to the ship which was to take Nita back to Naples.

MADCAP NELL.

BY T. P. R.

IT WAS on the morning of last April Fool's Day that little Madcap Nell came running upstairs to tell her sister that the Hall carriage was at the gate, and Mrs. Brogden waiting in the parlor.

Violet was seated at her desk with a folded letter before her, her own letter, written nearly a year ago—it would be a year ago upon the twenty-first of April—written, never posted, because after that twenty-first all the world was changed to her, and of course, she supposed Gilbert Sandford would be changed with it.

Gilbert was then a young doctor, finishing his course of study in the Paris hospitals, and Violet and he had been friends from childhood, and all but acknowledged lovers.

He would write long letters to her, full of the picturesqueness of the life abroad. This was her hurried answer to the last one.

As she sat looking at it that morning, nearly a year later, she remembered how her father had called to her, in the library of the dear old home, to hurry, if she wanted her letter to the post, as he was just going to drive down to the village.

So she had time only just a hurried scrawl. Then she had just dotted the date at the top of the page, and had flown down to her father, putting the letter so hurriedly into his pocket that she forgot to seal it.

It fell into her hands again, unsealed, the same evening, for her father never reached the village post office. The horses took fright, and he was flung out on the roadside, to be borne home almost in the death-agony.

Violet could see that scene now, as she sat at her desk, looking down upon the letter that recalled it all. They had taken Nell away; but Violet herself was kneeling at the bedside, when the dying man opened his eyes—opened them upon the kneeling girl.

A strange light flashed into his eyes. He raised himself upon his elbow; he looked wildly around upon the bystanders.

"Listen!" he cried. "This girl is no child of mine—neither Violet nor little Nell,—no child——"

The forced, sharp voice grew thick, a rush of blood had choked it.

A moment more and the girl knelt, doubly orphaned by the death-bed.

So, the evening after the funeral, Violet had stolen away from little Nell, to make a new home for themselves, where no one knew her save as the village dressmaker.

Only sometimes she could not keep from looking sadly back at the old life. Just now, however, Nell roused her with the message that Mrs. Brockden was waiting for her.

So Violet laid down that old letter in haste, and caught up her scissors and pincushion; and a great pile of fashion-books, and hurried away; but not before Nell had seen the tears in sister Violet's blue eyes, as she pushed aside the letter.

Nell knew perfectly well that little girls must not try to read other people's letters; but she thought it could do no harm to spell out the name on the envelope.

"Gilbert Sandford!"

Oh, if Violet was writing to him he would be paying visits again. Couldn't she, Nell, add a line to Violet's letter, so that he'd be sure to come? There was plenty of room; the other leaf of the letter was entirely blank.

Suddenly it flashed across Nell that it was April Fool's Day. She remembered, also, some lines appropriate to the day, which would do very well for her post-script.

"Geese in the meadow, ducks in the pool—
Whoever reads this is an April Fool!"

she wrote, with Violet's pencil, on the blank page, then hurried away to the post-office unknown to Violet, who came upstairs and closed her desk, and sat down to her work, never dreaming of Nell's First of April prank.

Just three weeks later, a stranger got out of the train at the little village station, and, after a few inquiries of the porter, made his way along the one street till he reached a cottage, with the modest little sign "Dress-making," on the window shutter. He pushes open the garden gate, and is at the window the next instant, having caught sight of the small figure seated there.

His shadow darkens the sunshine. Violet looks up, with a quick, gasping breath.

The name "Gilbert" was fluttering on her parted lips; but she forces it back.

"Mr. Sandford!" is what she says very quietly.

"Violet have you no welcome for me? I did not wait one instant when your letter reached me."

"My—letter reached you?" wonderingly.

"Yes. Of course, I have been looking for you all this year. But you vanished like a fairy out of this every-day world, leaving not a trace behind you. And yet it was so necessary to trace you; there was so much to tell you——"

She puts up her hand to stop him.

"Wait!" she said. "Is it possible you do not know that I have much to tell? I call myself Violet Gresham, indeed, because I know no other name; but I have no right to it. Mr. Gresham, with his dying breath, told me that."

"No, Violet. I believe he was trying with his dying breath to confess the whole truth to you. It was he, not you, who had no right to the name of Gresham. Your father died in Australia, and that man was a convict laborer on his estate. He collected your father's papers, took passage to France, when you and little Nell were at the convent-school you had been placed in at your mother's death; and he brought you over here and established himself as Maurice Gresham. It took me half a year to unravel the story; but I have all the proofs now, Violet, and the dear old home is yours."

"It took you half a year," she repeated. "Seven months only. No," he adds quickly, "that is ever was anything to me what surname you bore, if you might only be my Violet. Will you, Violet? I could not love you less or more if you were a little, nameless, wayside blossom."

At that, her two soft hands are laid confidingly in his.

"You have not told me how you found me, Gilbert."

"Found you? By the postmark on your letter, little goose! The letter was not headed with the name of your hiding place, but of course the postmark told me. But the letter did a good deal of running about to find me. First, over to Paris; then an old medical chum of mine sent it back to London to my address."

"But, Gilbert, indeed I never wrote."

He pulls the letter out, and throws it into her lap.

But the pretty puzzled pucker in her brow only deepens as she looks at it.

"I can't understand it. It is just an old letter written a year ago and never sent. It was in my desk here, and— Oh, Gilbert! Gilbert! It is you who are the goose! Don't you see the date written at the head—'April 21st.' How could it run over to Paris and back again to you all on this very day?"

He looks as bewildered as herself.

"I see! But really, Violet, I shall have to teach you to write. Your April twenty-first might very well appear April first, as I took it to be, the way the numbers run into each other."

"April the First! April the First! April Fool!" cried a small voice behind them.

It is Nell, who had stolen into the room, catching sight of her visitor.

Her visitor, she thanks triumphantly.

"I knew the April Fool would fetch him!" she cries laughingly, and shows Mr. Gilbert her lines on a blank page—a page he never thought of turning, as Violet's name was duly signed some lines above the bottom of the first page.

Gilbert and Violet both turn to look at the exultant child.

"So it's Madcap Nell who has stood my friend," says Gilbert. "You will be bridesmaid, Nelly; for it is your work, you see."

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

This proverb, like many others, states a general truth not without exceptions.

Your quiet, reserved, silent friend, if you have known him long enough, has shown you that there is some stuff in him, perhaps much more than some people have given him credit for.

You yourself did not know his value for some considerable time. But at last the time of trial came. You then found that it was a deep dive to the bottom of his heart; it took a long line to sound the depth of his resolution, his constancy, and firmness of purpose.

He was of the sort that are tranquil and easy-going because they are deep, not sluggish and apathetic because they are muddy.

In some men's minds and hearts there is no stream at all. They have rather the character of stagnant ponds than of running, living waters. It is not of such the proverb speaks. They are the exceptions to the general truth it embodies.

But, on the other hand, it is not always spoken in praise or commendation. It sometimes censures a sly, deliberate concealment of violent passions or even formidable views.

But more often it is pronounced in playful comment on some sudden discovery of an unsuspected depth of feeling or tenderness of affection.

What better solution could we find for our astonishment when dear old Jones asked us to his wedding lately? We had set him down for years as a confirmed old bachelor.

But it came out then that he had been engaged, goodness knows how long, to a very charming girl, who had vowed never to leave her mother, and Jones had waited for her till the old lady died.

And who ever guessed that that most gentle and serene of all gentle and serene old maids, Miss Brown, had worn next her heart so many years a little miniature portrait and a lock of hair, memorials of an early love—a love that must have endured for more than half a century?

No one ever knew what a wretch that fellow Robinson was until he ran away and left his wife. She always seemed perfectly happy in her married life. But the rascal had every vice; and used to beat her. Her proud self-control hid her sorrows from all other eyes; her closest friends, her nearest relatives, never suspected her unhappiness.

The proverb is sometimes true too of children. There was once a pretty little girl of some two years old who made a deliberate assault upon her infant brother with intent to abolish him entirely, and, being armed with a large pair of scissors, she would probably have succeeded but for timely interference.

There was no doubt that her feelings had long been outraged by the young gentleman's unwarrantable audacity in venturing to intrude upon her previous monopoly of mamma's affections. But no one had hitherto suspected her of a spark of jealousy, much less of such very uncompromising vindictiveness. Happily, however, she soon developed into a very fine little girl, with certainly a strong will, but at the same time a tender heart and a sensitive conscience.

She had grown into the possession of abundant self-control, and her brave endurance of pain was astonishing, especially to the family dentist. Among schoolboys the quiet unaggressive fellow who, when at length the fire necessity arises, makes the most resolute and patient fighter. Then the noisy braggart is dethroned and sinks to his natural level with the mob; his shallow waters are all run off, and those whom his brawling had dismayed now mock at his emptiness. Some of the marks of sterling manliness, as well as the charms of a noble river, are imaged in the famous couplet on the Thames:—

"Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full."

M. S.

We hear of one of the most curious books in existence, which belongs to a lady residing in Manchester England. It is two hundred years old, and its pages are 2 feet in length and nearly as much in width. She does not carry it to church every Sunday, a contemporary says, as one cannot find a boy able to hold it for the necessary distance. At the top of each page is a line in red ink, which, being translated, reads, "This is a history." The work contains many very primitive illustrations. To prevent the encroachments of time this old lady preserves the precious volume by keeping it carefully stowed away in a flour sack of the largest culture. It is only brought out on rare occasions, and few have had the privilege of turning the leaves of the valuable heirloom, which has descended to its present possessor by a succession of family wills.

THE WEIGHT OF A WORD.

Have you ever thought of the weight of a word
That falls in the heart like the song of a bird,
That gladdens the springtime of memory and youth
And garlands with cedar the banner of Truth,
That moistens the harvesting spot of the brain,
Like dewdrops that fall on a meadow of grain,
Or that shrivels the grain and destroys the fruit
And lies like a worm at the lifeless root?

I saw a farmer at break of day
Hoeing his corn in a careful way;
An enemy came with a drouth in his eye,
Discouraged the worker and hurried by.
The keen-edged blade of the faithful hoe
Dulled on the earth in the long corn row;
The weeds sprung up and their feathers tossed
Over the field, and the crop was—lost.

A sailor launched on an angry bay
When the heavens entombed the face of the day;
The wind arose, like a beast in pain,
And shook on the billows his yellow mane;
The storm beat down as if cursed the cloud,
And the waves held up a dripping shroud—
But, hark! o'er the waters that wildly raved
Came a word of cheer, and he was saved.

A poet passed with a song of God
Hid in his heart like a gem in a clod.
His lips were framed to pronounce the thought,
And the music of rhythm its magic wrought;
Feeble at first was the happy trill,
Low was the echo that answered the hill,
But a jealous friend spoke near his side,
And on his lips the sweet song—died.

Words! Words! They are little, yet mighty and brave;
They rescue a nation, an empire save—
They close up the gaps in a fresh bleeding heart
That sickness and sorrow have severed apart.
They fall on the path, like a ray of the sun,
Where the shadows of death lay so heavy upon;
They lighten the earth over our blessed dead
A word that will comfort, oh! leave not unsaid.

IN YOUNGER DAYS.

A famous author, who makes some observations which are very apposite, on the plays of children, says: "During a walk from St Nicholas in the shadow of the majestic Alps, we came across some little children amusing themselves in what seemed at first a most odd and original way: but it wasn't; it was in simply a natural and characteristic way. They were roped together with a string; they had mimic Alpenstocks and ice-axes; and were climbing a meek and lowly manure-pile with a most blood-curdling amount of care and caution. The 'guide' at the head of the line cut imaginary steps in a laborious and painstaking way, and not a monkey budged till the step above him was vacated. If we had waited, we should have witnessed an imaginary accident, no doubt, and we should have heard the intrepid band hurrah! when they had made the summit, and looked around upon the magnificent view, and seen them throw themselves down in exhausted attitude for a rest in that commanding situation." The same writer says: "In Nevada, I used to see the children play at silver-mining. Of course the great thing was an accident in a mine; and there were two 'star' parts—that of the man who fell down the mimic shaft; and that of the daring hero who was lowered into the depths to bring him up. I knew one small chap who always insisted on playing both these parts—and he carried his point. He would tumble into the shaft and die; and then come to the surface and go back after his own remains."

Japan appears to be the children's paradise, from recent accounts. In no other country, we are told, are the young people treated with such consideration. The third day of the month is the girls' festival. In every family you will find dolls in large numbers arranged in one of the rooms reserved for that purpose. The boys' holiday is the fifth day of the fifth month. After passing under the barber's hands, the boys, dressed in their best clothes, first go to the temple and offer a prayer, after which the fun of the day begins.

The ways of children are, it seems, beginning to be studied from a scientific standpoint. A lady has elicited from two hundred and twenty-seven Boston schoolboys particulars of their taste in collecting. Out of the entire number, only nineteen had abstained from making collections. Stamps were the most popular objects; then marbles, business cards, minerals, woods, leaves or flowers, autographs, buttons, birds' nests, and many other articles.

There is often a great contrast between the ways in which boys and girls try to amuse themselves. Games which demand small exertion are generally girls' favorites. But as a rule they are soon tired; everything "isn't fair," and they "won't play." Boys' games are more successful. Boys stick much more to rules, and are less careful of their clothes. Their games are often accompanied by loud threats and fierce recriminations, threats which if executed would speedily make the playground present the appearance of a battle-field.

It is the grown-up people who write the stories, and the children carefully preserve the text. What boy has not had his Crusoe raft or cave, or has not attempted to build a log-hut? The business, pleasures, misfortunes, and adventures of life are all rehearsed by the romantic little people. There is a story of Michael Angelo making a statue of snow in a garden, the beauty and proportion of which delighted his companions and gave promise of the genius he was afterwards to display. Charles Dickens tells us of wandering through rooms when a child, armed with a club, in the make-belief that he was in African traveller expecting to be attacked at any moment by wild beasts or savages, and therefore holding himself ready to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The monkey-like propensity for imitation which makes an infant try to shave himself on getting hold of papa's razors, when developed in boy-hood, takes the form of surreptitious smoking and swaggering, more for the purpose of acting the man than for anything else. The same idea of acting the woman is shown when little girls improvise a long train out of a newspaper or shawl, and sweeping in a dignified way about the room, exclaim, "I'm mamma!"

The importance of a child when lent any article or dress, a stick, or an umbrella to play with, is very noticeable. "Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you hold that umbrella over your head? It's not raining." "No."—"And the sun is not shining." "No."—"Then why do you carry it?" "Cause when it rains, father wants it; and when the sun shines, mother wants it; and it's only when it's this sort of weather that I can get to use it at all."

Children possessed of mimetic qualities are happier without any playthings that are their opposites, even when possessed of the costliest scientific toys. Town boys are fond of imagining themselves to be trains and horses, the noise of the former and motions of the latter being often amusingly represented. Mark Twain has given a lively description of a lad imitating a river steamer with all proper accompaniments of bell-ringing, going ahead and astern, and whirling one arm round for an imaginary forty-feet wide-wheel coming alongside the wharf. The same humorist's description of some boys camping out on an island, and covering their bare bodies with mud to represent Indian war-paint, will probably occur to our readers.

Any one who has ever watched street boys at play, must have been struck with the power of mimicry many of them possess. The writer was once greatly amused by the antics of a lad, who along the kerb-stone was "taking off," the motions of a tight-rope performer, with most ludicrous attempts at balancing, and a perfect burlesque of reality, that elicited roars of laughter from his admiring companions, some of whom whistled an appropriate accompaniment.

Grains of Gold.

When a resolution is once formed, half the difficulty is over.

Whoever is sensible of his own faults carps not at another's failing.

He who would stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal.

Hardly will you find any one so bad but he desires the credit of being good.

Daily ought we to renew our purposes and to stir up ourselves to greater fervor.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest at heart and pleasure felt at home.

Doubt is the vestibule which all must pass before they enter into the temple of wisdom.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.

All perfection in this life hath some imperfection mixed with it; and no knowledge is without some darkness.

The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course.

Forbidden pleasures do not yield a moiety of the gratification that comes from those that are lawful and permissable.

Femininities.

A statistician claims there is one divorce to every four and a half marriages.

A new absurdity is to put a crape bow on the collar of a pet dog whose owner is in mourning.

Good, pure, kind, generous thoughts light up the plainest face, and make it beautiful and youthful.

Miss Tabitha Lake, of Grafton, W. Va., danced all night at her own wedding and died the next morning.

It is very easy to form good resolutions in the night as it may be quite inconvenient to keep them during the day.

The girls of Peru, Ill., are said to have formed a toboggan club, the members of which slide down hill on barrel staves.

The wife of Senator Stanford, of California, wore $300,000 worth of diamonds and jewels at the late Presidential reception.

Brevity as the means of expressive statement is illustrated in the following terse epitaph: "Died of thin shoes, January, 1859."

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

Physicians say that diseases are contracted from the many cheap furs now sold and extensively used for trimmings on outdoor garments.

Sarah Bernhardt believes that touching the shoulder of a humpback person brings good luck, while Patti will not sign a contract on Tuesday.

In a trial for divorce now going on at Ann Arbor, Mich., the man who brings suit is unable positively to say whether the respondent is his wife.

Amongst Hindoos persons who are united in wedlock remain perfect strangers to each other till their nuptial day, and often for a long period afterwards.

The numerous admirers of a Montana great man recently gave him a recherche dinner. It consisted of three courses—boiled cabbage, prairie dog and whisky.

The women who believe everything that servant girls say of other families are the ones who don't expect any one to believe anything that their servants say of them.

A young woman of Lynn, Mass., was recently poisoned by the arsenic washed on to her face from two birds on her bonnet while she was riding during a rain storm.

Cold days quickly tell upon women out of doors whose complexions are spurious, and who soon present a sad sight, often prompting kind folks to direct them to the nearest hospital.

Here is a fugitive trifle with a feminine touch: "I will not write any more," said a friend in closing her letter, "for there is a pudding in the kitchen waiting patiently to be made."

Mrs. Boulanger, of Branch county, Mich., gave birth to twins two years ago. A year later she gave birth to triplets. Last Christmas she added four more little Boulangers to the family.

The new City and County Clerk at San Francisco has erected the following sign: "Lady applicants for positions will please weep in the anteroom, as the clerk suffers greatly from damp feet."

A woman who killed her babe and then committed suicide, in Cincinnati, last week, is declared to have acted while in a sort of frenzy, brought about by brooding over detailed accounts of a similar tragedy.

Gail Hamilton vividly describes how Honolulu women walk out in the rain. Her escort usually carries her umbrella, her dress and her shoes, while she wears simply a shawl and a hat trimmed with red and white roses.

Lady Brassey, the narrator of the voyage of the Sunbeam, has an apartment whose prevailing decoration is the monkey, which is depicted on walls, carpets and ceiling, and whose figure is utilized in every sort of design.

A female button adjuster has appeared in San Francisco, and is an unqualified success. It is said not an uncommon spectacle is an unmarried citizen standing against the side of a building having a button mechanically fixed on his coat.

A "mystic brotherhood," composed of 20 Burlington, N. J., lads, aged between 9 and 13 years, who had been taught by a sensational New York publication to regard burglary as a romantic and hilarious pastime, has been discovered and broken up.

Janauschek, the actress, is a victim of the "13" superstition. During her recent engagement at Indianapolis she refused to occupy a room having the mystic number above the door, exclaiming: "Mein Gott! you want to kill me!" and no persuasion could induce her to be quartered therein.

A bit of family history. Little Dick: "I'm awful glad you is engaged to sister Ne I now." Mr. Nicefellow: "I feel grateful to have you say that, Dick." "Yes; you always bring her candy and she gives me some; and it's the kind I like, too." "You have a choice, then?" "Oh, yes; you see all the others brought chocolates, and I don't like chocolate."

A song with the title, "There's a Sigh in the Heart," was sent by a young man to his sweetheart, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed: "What wretched unscientific rubbish is this? Who ever heard of such a case?" He wrote on the outside, "Mistaken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm."

It was a little newly-arrived sister that nurse held in her arms, and 7-year-old Bobbie stood jealously inspecting her. To his mind she looked smaller and less attractive than any little sister of the other boys that he could remember, and he felt a keen thrill of disappointment. So he put his hands deep in his pockets like papa, wrinkled up his nose, and, regarding the new acquisition savagely, said: "Well, I call that pretty near a failure!"

Masculinities.

There are 113 farmers in the Connecticut Legislature.

A Texas preacher predicts that the world will come to an end in ten years.

A vignette of General Grant will be on the face of the new $5 silver certificates.

Hayden, the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money.

Earnest Word was the name of a member of the Georgia Legislature who lately died.

The young man with a slender salary should choose for his bride a young woman of small waste.

A New York paper suggests that the dudes of that city be organized and sent to Central Africa.

Jefferson Davis has been presented with a cane cut from a tree which shaded him at the time of his surrender.

General Pleasonton says that during his career he has been in 128 different engagements and has never been wounded.

At a "John" party in Pennsylvania every son of man named John was given a plate of cake and a dish of ice cream scot free.

A man may be as full of piety as a Sunday-school book, and still look wicked when he comes down on an icy sidewalk.

Pat Connelly, of Galveston, Texas, it is said, has become a raving maniac through the persistent reading of Henry George's books.

When a man looks through a tear in his own eye, it is often a lens which reveals what no telescope, however skilfully constructed, could do.

A mysterious and supposed terrible wild beast that horrified a social party near West Chester, Pa., recently, turned out to be a large shepherd dog.

A maiden lady says that if single life is bad it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad. But ladies rarely understand mathematical subjects.

A colored clergyman in a Southern town prayed the other day that the indelicate might be made delicate, the intemperate temperate, and the industrious dustrious.

Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own, who can have no change, are those over whom the grave has closed. The seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Paris exquisites are now dubbed "hyperchins." They have begun war against the stovepipe hat and the clawhammer coat, and some of them recently appeared at the opera in red coats and Derby hats.

The secret of longevity as revealed by John Walters, who died at South Butler, Wayne county, N. Y., recently, at the given age of 104 years, is to eat fish twice a day, wear earrings and sleep on your back.

"It is a curious world," my barber said recently; "nobody ain't satisfied. The last man but one in my chair made me brush and grease his curly hair till it was straight, and the next man to him made me curl his straight hair."

A bill to punish men who wear the badges of veteran organizations to which they do not belong, or who falsely represent themselves as ex-soldiers or ex-sailors, has been put before Congress by Mr. Bragg, of Wisconsin.

De Garmo—"And how do you stand on evolution, Miss Brewster? Don't you believe man is descended from the monkey?" Miss Brewster: "Oh, yes, I think man is; but what puzzles me, Mr. De Garmo, is where women come from."

Old gentleman, walking very carefully: "Hallo, bub! This fine snow sort of covers up the ice so you can't see it, doesn't it?" Small boy, holding on to the fence: "You're right old man, but you feel it just as much when you sit down."

In Boston the other evening nine acquaintances met on the rear platform of a street car, not by appointment, either, and no two boarded the car at the same point. Four of them together weighed 965 pounds, and the aggregate avoirdupois of the nine was over three-fourths of a ton.

It was the regular amorous etiquette of the reign of Queen Elizabeth for a man professing himself deeply in love to assume certain outward marks of negligence in his dress, as if too much occupied with his passion to attend to such trifles. His "garters in particular were not to be tied up."

President Grevy, of France, was found one day recently reading a book of fairy tales. "You are relieving your mind from politics, Monsieur le President?" observed a visitor. "Oh, not at all," was the reply. "I am obliged to read all these books. My granddaughter says she has had enough of the old stories, and so I must learn some new ones."

Esquimaux women wear boots of dressed sealskin, with high leather tops stained different colors, and reaching about the knee. Then come the trunks of sealskin, with the fur on, reaching halfway down the thigh. The upper part of the body is covered by a loose-fitting smock, pulled on over the head and fitted with a hood, which can be worn or thrown off the head at will.

A Bath (Me.) constable the other day used quite a clever stratagem in serving a paper on a man who was hard to get at. He staggered into the man's yard and finally got around and lay down on a back stoop. The lady of the house came out and ordered him away, threatening to call her husband if he persisted in not going. The constable persisted, and when the husband came out the officer jumped up and served the paper on him.

John W. Dawson, of Perry township, Ind., has just contracted his sixth marriage by taking a fifth wife, having married one of the number twice. His domestic life has afforded several sensations. The wife previous to the one he has just taken, after marrying him, concluded that she loved his son better than him, and the two eloped. Mr. Dawson has always had a weakness for young wives. He is 76 years of age, and his last wife is between 25 and 30.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man," by Octave Feuillet; from the French by J. Henry Hager. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. A smooth and enjoyable translation of Feuillet's famous story. It is a pure, sweet love tale, with a thread of true humanity running through it which appeals to humanity everywhere—else how could it have kept and gained its high place in the ranks of fiction? It is undoubtedly one of the best novels, if not the very best, of its kind that ever came from a French author. Beautifully printed and bound in blue and gold. For sale by Porter & Coates.

A good story—an exceptionally good one even in this day when fine romances are so common—is "The Squire of Sandal-side," by Amelia A. Barr. This authoress has already done some superior work in "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Daughter of Fife," etc., but the present novel is no way inferior. The scene is located among the Cumberland "dalesmen" of England, and has to do with the ancient, haughty and peculiar characteristics of that locality and people. Around Sandal-side, the ancestral seat of the Sandal family, is thrown a most quaint garb of antiquity and romance, while in the stern old Squire himself, his daughters and nephews, there are points and contrasts, both in the darker and lighter lines of life, that fit like nature into the story's action. The tale is one of pride, love, hypocrisy and avarice, mingled with a master hand. A good plot and well-drawn characters, combined with fine description and incident, always make a charming combination. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The opening article in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for February on "Robert Burns," richly illustrated, is worth many times the price of the number, which is otherwise of rare interest and beauty. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The Sanitarian is one of the best magazines on health subjects ever published anywhere. It treats of these matters rather in their general application than in detail, at the same time doing so in the most advanced phases of the questions involved. It includes among its contributors the leading writers on sanitation in the country, and is exceptionally well-edited. Published at 113 Fulton street, New York.

The *Wide Awake* for February presents a very rich and varied table of contents with a profusion of beautiful illustrations, some of them decidedly unique, notably those illustrating Louise Imogene Guiney's third story of "Fairy Folk All." The magazine never ran more interesting serials than the four or five that are now giving monthly delight to the young people. Rev. Samuel Longfellow contributes a beautiful sketch of the poet "Longfellow with his Children." The many short stories are all of the best, and there are delightful poems. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The Brooklyn Magazine for February has some features of unusual interest. Miss Georgia Cayvan, the popular and highly respected actress, contributes a carefully considered paper on "Young Women and the Stage," which will command general attention. The number opens with an interesting article by Edmund Collins on "Social Life in Canada." Seaton Donolo has a second contribution of "Stories and Memories of Washington." Caught in his own Snare" is a capital story by Jennie Oliver Smith. The departments are well-filled, and the Plymouth Pulpit Supplement gives reports of four sermons, by H. W. Beecher. Published at 130 Pearl street, New York.

The variety in the contents of the February *Century* is not less noticeable than the geographical distribution of their origin. "The Life of Lincoln," by Hay and Nicolay, is occupied with Lincoln's first term in Congress and his life as a lawyer. The engraved portraits include Presidents Van Buren, Tyler, Polk and Harrison, Gen. John J. Hardin, Baker, Cartwright and his wife, David Davis, Col. Seaton, David Wilmot and Joshua R. Giddings. Other biographical articles relate to two widely different types of divines—President James McCosh, of Princeton College, and Father Taylor, the Boston preacher. Prof. Langley's "New Astronomy" paper treats of "The Stars," and is effectively illustrated. An illustrated article on the bronzes of Rome is contributed by Prof. Rudolfo Lanciani, the director of the new Museo Urbano, in Rome. "The Bailing of Jefferson Davis" is the subject of a paper by George Parsons Lathrop. Mr. Atkinson presents many valuable facts in his second paper on "The Strength and Weakness of Nations." "A Mid-winter Resort," describes the Bahamas, with illustrations, by Winslow Homer. There are other good articles, plenty of excellent fiction and poetry, and the various departments maintain their usual excellence. The Century Company, New York.

Gold Mines

are very uncertain properly; for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive, free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over $50 in a single day at it. You can live at home, and earn from $5 to $25 and upwards per day wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send your address, and all will be proved to you.

A Wife's Lesson.

BY HENRY PRITH.

GEORGE, we really must have new carpets this year. Look at Lizzie Moore's. Do you want your house to look worse than our neighbor's? Certainly you can afford the expense as well as Tom Moore can."

"For that matter, my dear, I think I can afford it better than Tom can; for he is in debt, and I am not."

"There! what did I tell you? I knew you could afford it. And now we'll have the carpets. Don't be mean. Don't, for mercy's sake, let our rooms be a fright to everybody any longer."

"Lydia, our rooms are, at this moment, far better, in every way—better furnished, more tastefully and better carpeted, and far more inviting, than were the rooms of our parents, which you and I, in our childhood, thought so grand. Carpets they had none. And, further, those carpets are not worn to look badly at all. Not a worn spot is to be seen. In fact, they are as good and as serviceable as they were when first put down."

"Oh, all the color's faded from them. One thing you can depend upon; those things will come up, and—they won't go down again!" and the feminine foot came down with a stamp, and the feminine lips were shut with an emphatic tightness.

"Lydia, have you any idea what good Brussels carpets will cost?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. If we can't have 'em, we can go without carpets. I can stand it if you can."

"Lydia,"—still calm and kindly, but with a mighty struggle for self-control;—"you know Brussels carpeting is not a yard wide. Between thirty and forty pounds will be the expense. You know that I do not squander money; I have no expensive habits beyond the absolute necessaries of life. Every shilling I can save will be put in the bank, there to remain and accumulate until a need not to be otherwise met shall demand its withdrawal. Really and truly, the money I would save is for my loved ones; that is the one thought that influences me when I look to the regulation of my expenses. So, my dear wife, it is not I alone who must pay for all the luxuries of our home; it comes from the bank account of the family. Don't say any more now, please think of it,—sleep upon it." And, thus speaking, he rose and left the room—and left the house.

The speakers were George and Lydia Darwell, husband and wife. The former was thirty years of age, holding a responsible position in one of the best and oldest City banks; the latter was two years his junior, and one of the very best and most skilful of housekeepers.

They had been married seven years and had three children—three bright-eyed, happy, healthful, laughter-loving children, the light and joy of the home.

There had been another occupant of the room and a listener—Lydia's aunt—George's aunt—and everybody's aunt who knew her. She was a widow; a sister of Lydia's mother her snowy tresses and deepening furrows indicating a near approach to the late evening of life.

"Lydia, I am going to tell you a story that I have never yet told—something that only your mother and myself ever knew. And it seems to me as though Providence had directed that I should hear this conversation between you and George in order that I might tell you the story. Will you hear it?"

"Of course I'll hear it, aunty. I'm glad to hear anything that you have to tell, always."

Ordinarily Aunt Susan talked while her busy fingers plied the knitting needles; but now she laid her knitting aside, and folded her hands in her lap, as she spoke:—

"My dear child, oh! how well I remember the scene, a conversation between my father and mother, almost exactly like that you and George have just held. With a difference in language, the spirit and meaning of the two conversations are the same. It was in the autumn instead of the spring, and my mother had set her heart upon a pony carriage, and a new set of silver mounted harness. One of our neighbors, not so well off as father was, had got one, and from that moment mother was dissatisfied with her old wagonette that had served us ever since I could remember, and which was just as good then as it ever was. At any rate, it was just as good for service.

"Your mother and I were then girls of twelve and fourteen; and we were present when mamma gave her final order, for an order it amounted to; just as a want expressed by you, and adhered to, is an order to your loving husband. Father tried all he knew to persuade her away from the idea. He gave exactly for his wish that George gave you; and I could see that he had to struggle hard to keep the tears from coming. But mother would not give in.

"Lydia, you know father was the first one called from our family circle. Our neighbors had supposed him not only forehanded, but really wealthy; and he ought to have saved more than he did. He was not a careless man; he was by nature thrifty and stirring, and had he had help he might have saved a goodly sum. As it was, he left the farm free from mortgage, and there was ready money enough to pay every debt, but not much more. After every bill was paid, we could command about one hundred pounds in cash—no more.

"The farm was one of the best, but a small, and our buildings in good repair. The place was well-stocked, and the farming implements were all good.

"There were three of us—our mother, and we two girls. I was then just coming twenty, and your mother was eighteen. I will not tell you how we managed. At the end of a year we had run behind hand. It was very evident that the farm would not support us in the style in which we had been used to live.

"Mother had no thought of reducing expenses, by curtailing her society enjoyments, and bidding farewell to the behests of fashion. Your mother and I made old dresses over into new ones, but we had not the heart to suggest such a thing to mother.

"I remember well I had started one day to take from our little strong-box twenty pounds for the purpose of paying a bill which was overdue. Mother asked me how much would be left if I took that away. I told her a little over ten pounds.

"Oh, not for the world would she let me take that money. Her dressmaker was coming on the morrow, and she must purchase trimmings and so on for her new silk dress. And even then I did not attempt to thwart her; your mother and I saved eggs and made extra butter, and finally paid the bill in that way. But other bills were growing. However, let them go, and let me come to the incident I wish to give you.

"One stormy, disagreeable day Nab and I—so we used to call your mamma in those days—were ransacking papa's old desk, and by-and-by we came across a small book we had never before noticed. I found it, and upon opening it, this is what I read at the head of the first page, written in papa's fullest, roundest hand: 'Sums of money that I might have saved for my loved ones if only I could have had help.'

"Lydia, when I had looked at the end of that account, and had added it up, I was thunder-struck. At first I could not believe it; the amount was over six hundred pounds! But, mind you, mamma did not come in for all of it. No, no. Nab and I were down for our share. I had never dreamed what the grand parties had cost which we used to give, which always fretted papa so much.

"But I won't dwell upon it. You can imagine whether my sister and I shed any tears or not, as we looked over that book, and thought what might have been. But it was too late. We gave the little book one last look; then kissed it; and then gave it to the flames; for we would not have had mamma see it for the world. And we never told her of its existence.

"Lydia, I thought of that when I heard you reading aloud to your husband that poem in which occur these lines—

> 'For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: "It might have been!"'

"Not long after that I was married, and within a year from that time the farm was sold, and mother came to live with me. That is all, my dear. Don't say anything now. Take my story to bed with you, and sleep over it."

Lydia's only response was an affectionate kiss, after which she went quietly about her work.

On the morning of the following day, after George had eaten his breakfast, and had come to take his parting kiss before going to the Bank, Lydia threw her arms around his neck, and softly whispered—

"George, I have slept and dreamed, and a new light has dawned upon me. We shall not want new carpets this year, nor shall I require very much in the way of dress. So, darling, you may make your banking account as big as you please."

"Lydia!"

"Hush! I mean what I say. I shall be happier so. I'll tell you all about it some time. There! One more kiss! No, good-bye!"

And George went to his daily task as happy as happy could be; and all day long he thought how he could best make his wife understand how truly and devotedly he loved her.

And so, too, Lydia.

And from that time she helped her husband to provide for the future; and when she knew that their savings in the bank were growing into thousands, she felt more than ever inclined to be prudent and economical.

Never mean; never stingy; but never more an expenditure of her husband's hard-earned money without a return of substantial good and benefit.

THE JOYS OF CAMEL-RIDING.

A few days ago, I had my first ride on a camel, and I thought it would be my last. It was to go to our camp that I got aboard upon an Arab saddle, insecurely fastened by strings upon the back of a great, lumbering, humpbacked brute.

I no sooner attempted to take my place on the saddle than the camel, which was lying prone, into which position he was forced, began grunting like an old village pump violently worked.

At the same time he turned his prehensile lips aside grinning like a bull-dog, and showing a grinning row of teeth which he sought to close upon me. I got aboard without accident and had not long to wait for rise.

The first movement as he lifted his fore-legs, nearly sent me over backwards; the next, as he straightened his hind legs, still more nearly tipped me over his head. I had been warned to hold tight, but it was only the clutch of desperation that saved me. After several lunges the brute got fairly on his legs.

The reins consisted of a rope around his neck for mooring, and a string fastened to a ring thrust through his nostrils, to pull up his head and stop him when going too fast.

My camel began to move forward, and thereupon I oscillated and sea-sawed as if seized with sea-sickness or cramp in the stomach.

Involuntary as the movement was, an hour of it would, I am sure, have made as abject a victim of me as the worst sufferer on an ocean passage.

A heartless friend was in front of me on another camel, which he set trotting. Instantly, I became helpless as a child; for my camel disregarded the strain upon his nostrils and my fervent ejaculations. My scant Arabic vocabulary was too limited to have the slightest effect. I swayed to and fro and was bumped up and down, until I was almost shaken to pieces. It would have been a positive relief could I have found myself at rest on the ground, but the motion was so incessant I had no time to make up my mind what to adopt. It ended as even the experiences of worst kind must do, and I found myself on the camel's back.

Not so my humorous friend, who, to my great comfort, performed a double somersault, and did not succeed in landing quite on his feet. I was told that I would become accustomed to camel-riding, and might even get to like it. But my faith is not great enough for that. A. T.

How Ants Live.—In spite of the multifarious duties and tasks that are imposed on these tiny burghers, they still find time to clean and adorn their worthy little persons. No spot, no atom of dust or anything else uncleanly will they tolerate on their bodies. They get rid of the dirt with the brushy tufts on their feet or with their tongues. They act, for all the world like domestic cats whenever they clean and lick themselves, and they assist one another at the toilet precisely like monkeys. Their sense of cleanliness goes so far that the naturalist often finds, to his unpleasant surprise, the colored marks that he had applied with so much care on his "trial ants" removed by their dirt-hating friends. They keep their dwellings just as cleanly.

But the conveying away of their dead brethren, whose bodies they appear to regard with the greatest antipathy, gives them more trouble than anything else. When some members of an ant community, which Mr. Cook kept in prison, died, and could not be removed, those remaining seemed affected with the greatest horror. For days the insects ran about seeking a way out, and ceased only when completely exhausted. The ants belonging to the camponotus species seized the dead and threw them into the water-pail, which they converted into a sepulcher. Ordinarily, though, ants are said to treat their dead with more reverence. They even possess their own graveyards, which lie in the vicinity of their nests. They convey their deceased companions thither, where they lay them down in orderly little heaps or rows.

It is only the corpses of their fellows, however, that they treat in this manner. Dead strangers they throw out like something unclean, or tear the body in pieces. Even between the masters and slaves of the same community, Miss Trent says she has observed a dissimilar mode of burial. While the masters find their last repose in a special graveyard, side by side, the slaves lie like heaped-up refuse near the nest, despised equally in death as in life. The ant cemeteries are often thickly populated, for their life is short. The males live only through the summer, the females live somewhat longer, and the workers die of old age in the eighth or tenth year.

Cheating the Hangman.—On Sept. 3, 1736, Venham and Harding, two malefactors, were executed in Bristol. After they were cut down, Venham was perceived to have life in him when put into the coffin; and some lighterman and others having carried him to a house, a surgeon, whom they sent for, immediately opened a vein, which so far recovered his senses that he had the use of speech, sat upright, rubbed his knees, and shook hands with divers persons whom he knew. A perfect recovery was expected, but, notwithstanding this, he died at about eleven o'clock in great agony, he being very much convulsed, as appeared by his rolling from one side to the other.

It is remarkable that Harding also came to life again, and was carried to prison, where several people visited him and gave him money. They were very inquisitive whether he remembered the manner of his execution; to which he replied that he could only remember having been at the gallows.

Ruined by Success.—"That last story, 'The Red-legged Pirate of the Darksome Mine,' has played the dickens with us," said the publisher of boys' literature to a dun. "We've lost half our circulation by it." "Why, I thought it had been a great success," said the creditor. "So it was," answered the long-faced publisher; "but it was too thrilling. Two hundred and thirty-two of our subscribers have gone west to fight Indians and be cowboys, one hundred and seventy-five have run away and gone to sea to become pirates, forty-two have started off as professional tramps, forty one have killed each other, and one hundred and twelve are in jail for murder. That's what makes dull times."

In some schools in New England pupils are encouraged to take whatever pennies they may have, from day to day, to their teachers, who, at the end of the month, deposit all individual amounts of 50 cents and over in a savings bank for the young owners, who are thus encouraged in notions and habits of thrift.

Humorous.

THE BARBER'S WOOING.

"O Barbara!" the barber sighed,
"This scissor time to speak;
If you won't be my home true bride
I'll die without a squeak."

"O Dan Druff, don't," the po'made screamed,
"Do such a wig-head act;
It would be harbor-ous. I dreamed
Of you," she smiled, with tact.

"Look cup and brush away your tears;
O comb and be a man;
Let's soap I'll be your bride some day."
"I will; but if," cried Dan,

"You razor hope you will dispel,
There'll beard a death, you'll see;
And if there's scrape on my door-bell
My chair will empty be."

"I do not shampoor fellow," said
Miss Barbara, perplexed;
"Oil though when your first wife is dead,
You'll quickly cry for 'Next!'"

—U. N. NOSE.

The home stretch—The morning yawn.

The call to arms—"John, take the dear baby."

A temperance lecturer is always backing water.

A tug is the only thing that has its tows behind.

The man who ought to suit you well—Your tailor.

The bustle is never truthful. It is an exaggeration of facts.

A pen may be driven, but a pencil does the best when it is lead.

"I was brought up by hand," was the boast of the coal-scuttle.

The statue of liberty is that of a perfect woman, even to the cold feet.

The road to prosperity goes directly past the distilleries, without stopping.

A red headed girl does not seem to carrot-all how much fun is made of her.

An earthquake is responsible for many ground rents that are not collectable.

The man carried away with enthusiasm is frequently brought back with disgust.

A conductor can be polite to the ladies and at the same time knock down the fare.

Bees may be said to be paradoxical in that they are stingy, yet not parsimonious.

Which dress lasts a lady the longest?—Her house dress, because she never wears it out.

Start the boys in the right track. That's easier said than done; it requires considerable switching, sometimes.

More than four thousand couplers have been patented in this country, and yet there are thousands of men and women yet uncoupled.

A man is always a bachelor until he is married, and then he is anything his wife chooses to call him, and she usually does.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "Their scarcity," replied a boy; and he was immediately awarded a chromo.

Little Dot: "What you fink of my new brother?" Little Dick: "I don't see why he should have a baldhead." "Oh! I dess that's cause he takes after papa."

A lady friend won't allow the saleslady to try on her gloves for her, not because it is hard work for the saleslady, but because she will have nothing to do with counter-fits.

"Ten dollars fine for contempt of court!" thundered the judge. "What do you think of that?" "Better make it twenty," he replied; "that amount of contempt ought never to go for ten dollars."

The cigars smoked in this country in one year would reach around the world nine times if extended in a single line, and yet there is still lacking the great want of the present day—viz., a good 5-cent cigar.

"The whole heavens were illumined by the lurid flames which reached nearly across the street to a livery stable." This is the way in which a young college graduate wired the particulars of a fire in Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Pittsburg tramp: "If you'll fill me up with a good dinner I'll saw some wood. I'm willin' to work." Woman, shortly: "You know very well we burn nothing but natural gas!" Tramp: "Well, gimme suthin' to eat, an' I'll turn on the gas for you."

"What's the price of sausages?" "Ten cents a pound." "You asked fifteen cents this morning." "Yes; dot vas ven I had some. Now I ain't got none I sells for ten cents. Dot makes me a rebutation for selling cheap, and I don't lose noddings."

Swell No. 1, pretending to mistake for an usher a rival whom he sees standing in evening dress at the cloak-room door of the theatre: "Ah! Have you a programme?" Swell No. 2, equal to the occasion: "Thanks, my man; got one from the other fellow."

A politician walking along the street accidentally dropped a lie. A gentleman called after him to tell the politician of his loss. "Oh! it is of no consequence, said the latter; "I have plenty more." This story teaches that even a politician can sometimes speak the truth.

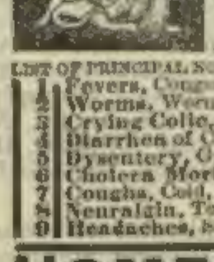
Graves: "Did you ever notice that even the worst of men is spoken well of by people when he dies?" Merriman: "Yes, I've noticed it; but why do you ask me that?" Graves: "Oh, I merely remarked it." Merriman: "Is that all? I thought perhaps you were not feeling well."

How Nutmegs Grow.—Nutmegs grow on little trees, which look like small pear trees, and which are generally not over 20 feet high. The flowers are very much like the Lily of the Valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit 70 or 80 years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it every year. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs each of which was said to be "as big as a church." Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found all the Indian Islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries; and trees grow again, and the world had the benefit.

The Inventor of Stamps.—The invention of postage stamps is generally ascribed to the English. They were first brought into use in England in 1839; but a Stockholm paper, the *Fryskitten*, says that, so far back as 1823, a Swedish officer—Lieut. Trokenber—petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the Government to issue stamped sheets of paper, especially destined to serve as envelopes for prepaid letters. "The fact," it adds, "is duly recorded in the minutes of the Chamber, under date of the 23d of March, 1823. The proposition was warmly supported by Count de Schwerin, on the ground that the invention, if thus used, would be convenient to the public and the post-office, but it was rejected by a large majority."

Instances of Economy.—The girl with soft grey eyes and rippling brown hair, who captured your heart at the charity ball, has just finished a crazy quilt containing 1,004 pieces of old neckties and hat linings, put together with 21,390 stitches. And her poor old father fastens on his braces with a long nail, a piece of wire, a sharp stick, and one regularly ordained button.

HUMPHREYS'



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By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
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CLOTH and GOLD
Mailed Free.

	LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations		.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic		.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants		.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults		.25
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HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods	.25
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14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria	.50
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19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs	.50
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Make Money selling "WONDERS" and other new books. Write A. GORTON & Co., Philada., Pa.

Send description of yourself, with 15c. for complete written prediction of your future life, &c. N. M. Greer, Port Homer, Jefferson Co., Ohio.

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CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT **FREE** We great in our faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail some FREE to prove it. R. S. LAWRENCE & Co., Newark, N. J.

WANTED An unemployed person, either sex, in own locality, for the successful business of old firm; liberal stated salary. References exchanged. A.M. MFG. HOUSE, 34 Barclay St., N. Y.

CARDS SUNDAY SCHOOL, REWARD AND VISITING. Lovely Samples, Brim-new Catalogue, & Agts. Terms for 2c. stamp. W. C. Griswold & Co., Cannonsbush, Ct.

40 Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. 120 for 25c. Sure to suit. Cat. 2c. Gem Agency, Orleans, Ind.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

BLOOM OF YOUTH

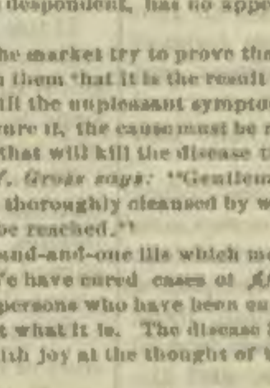
Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin and other Blemishes, should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful Toilet preparation.

It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.



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The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

Laird's White Lilac Toilet Soap is *refreshing* and *soothing* to the skin, leaving it beautifully clear *soft* and *smooth*.

Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

Sent by Mail upon Receipt of Price.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH

CATARRH, which is the commonest of all diseases and the most neglected, consists of acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of some part of the air passages. It is an established fact that it is a LOCAL, and NOT a constitutional disease, as many suppose. Sudden changes of atmosphere, and exposure to wet and cold when the strength of the body is exhausted will often produce it.

The symptoms of catarrh consist chiefly of pains in the limbs, aching of the back, great soreness at the back of the head, a sense of tightness across the forehead, heat and stiffness at the nose, a constant desire to get rid of some unpleasant substance which seems to be high up the nostril, by blowing and drawing it with a suction-like effort to the back of the throat, often lodging in the bronchial tubes, creating a constant hawking and coughing, and a desire to clear the throat. In its more advanced stage the symptoms become more aggravated; there is a feeling of uneasiness as if the nose was *stuffed up*, owing to the thickened mucous membrane impeding the passage of the air. There is a frontal headache, cough, general weakness and much mental depression; but the most troublesome symptom is a profuse fetid, muco-purulent discharge. Sometimes this discharge is quite purulent, while it is generally tinged with blood if there be any ulcer on the mucous membrane. Large solid flakes of fibrine, or of hardened mucous occasionally come away. The smell from these crusts, owing to the rapidity with which they decompose, is so very offensive and taints the breath to such an extent that the patient is unable to go into society. He becomes an object of disgust to himself, and if he can obtain no relief, becomes despondent, has no appetite, loses his flesh, and passes his days in a miserable existence.

Many of the circulars which flood the market try to prove that Catarrh is constitutional, but the people's own good sense ought to teach them that it is the result only of a common cold, which, by being neglected, runs on its course until the unpleasant symptoms which we have enumerated, follow. In order to reach the disease and cure it, the cause must be removed, and it is only by *thoroughly washing the parts out* with a remedy that will kill the disease that the trouble can be removed. *An extract from a Clinic lecture by Prof. Gross says:* "Gentlemen, in treating Catarrh it is NECESSARY that the nasal passages should be thoroughly cleansed by washing them out with injections, for in no other way can the parts affected be reached."

We do not profess to cure the thousand-and-one ills which most of the remedies profess to cure, but we do profess to *cure Catarrh*. We have cured cases of *fifty* years standing. We have testimonials of the highest character from persons who have been cured by our remedy. We have called it "The Catarrh Wash," for that is just what it is. The disease is *washed out by the roots* so thoroughly, that the patient is overcome with joy at the thought of being freed from one of the most disagreeable and offensive of diseases.

We let our preparation sell upon its own merits. We do not say that *every* case will be cured by the use of one box only, for where the case is of long standing it will require a longer time to yield; but a little perseverance will surely overcome the disease.

Price $1.00 per Box, or Six Boxes for $5.00; or one Package, which contains Fourteen Boxes, for $10.00, which would be sufficient to cure any case of twenty years standing.

Our object in putting up fourteen boxes in one package instead of a dozen, is to allow every druggist to give two boxes away *gratuitously* to some needy person in order to test its merits and prove that our "Catarrh Wash" is all that we represent it to be.

Each box contains 24 treatments. To induce the afflicted to give our Wash a trial, we will send two one dollar packages, for two persons, to one address, provided both names are given, on receipt of one dollar. Remit by P. O. check or registered letter. Address,

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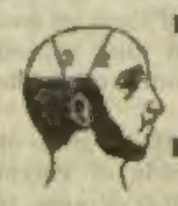

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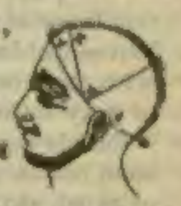

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER YEN TILATING WIG and ELASTIC HAND TOUPEES.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

DEAFNESS Its causes and a new and successful CURE at your own home by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.
T. S. PAGE, No. 6 West 31st St., New York City.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

NEW Sample Book of beautiful cards, 14 Games, 12 tricks in magic, 425 Album verses. All for a 2c. stamp. STAR CARD CO., Station 15, Ohio.

CURE FOR THE DEAF
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

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A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

Latest Fashion Phases.

The season of the pre-Lenten balls and festivities is rapidly approaching, and a great deal of attention is being paid at present to evening toilettes, as well as to smart and yet neat day suits.

A great many of the latter are tailor-made, but to the arrangement of the former the highest art of the dressmaker is devoted—the blending of colors, the mixing of materials, and the adjustment of skirts being the test of her skill.

Lovely shades of heliotrope are being mingled for evening wear, the whole being often softened by a veil of palest hue, powdered with the same colored glass dewdrop beads.

The skirts of some ball gowns have the front of gauze or net, striped perpendicularly with bands of colored beads from one to two inches wide, drawn back in easy folds to the side, where meet pleated panels and back of tulle, powdered with single beads or loops of very small ones; while over the fulness a wide sash of plain tulle, in the same color, falls from the pointed basque of the low bodice.

This arrangement can be carried out in several ways, and in black, in white, or in color, with equal effect. The low bodice has a berthe of the beaded tulle, and the sleeves are very short. The heliotrope of to-day is a lovely shade, and becoming to most people.

In plush it is popular for smart evening wraps, lined with a paler shade of satin; in dress trimming it is to be seen in two shades of velvet or silk ribbon twisted loosely into each other; as feathers and flowers it figures in hats, bonnets, and fully-dressed coiffures; and in tulle and gauze, as vests, veils and scarves.

Trimmings for ball gowns are often veiled in the same tulle as that composing the skirt, or in the color of the trimming, and the aigrette for the hair corresponds. For instance, braces of mauve lilac, fixed on the shoulders by bows of ribbon, would be lightly veiled in mauve tulle, and the headdress would consist of a rosette of tulle with mauve osprey and small tuft of the same flowers.

These braces are fashionable for ball gowns. They are only worn up the front of the bodice, and are fastened at the point of the basque, and on each shoulder. Ribbon and velvet are arranged in the same way.

Applique designs of velvet on satin, neatly buttonholed around the edges to prevent fraying, and then edged with small beads, are worked a great deal by women for the panels of reception and tea gowns, one favorite design is sprays of cherries and leaves in black velvet, edged and veined with steel beads, on a background of white or gray satin.

Panels beaded entirely in either gold or steel beads, are worn at one side of velvet or plush skirts, with cuffs, collar or vest to correspond.

Beaded lace and gimp, as well as passementerie, in novel designs and great variety, are being profusely used in dress and mantua making.

Very neat looking striped and plain material polonaises are being worn with the winter skirts of rough fabrics. Some have a plain yoke of one color, with the rest of striped, and all have a tolerably broad band, fastening with a cut steel or fancy buckle, generally towards one side.

Although in the shirt style, with pleats, they are intended to fit closely to the figure, and are becoming to most people, as they show off to advantage a good figure, and give fulness to a thin one.

Black, red, and navy blue, with very narrow white stripes, are the most popular. They are sold in boxes at all the principal stores.

The rough-faced material, a cross between canvas and serge, in black or navy blue, with quite narrow white or red lines, is much worn with tight-fitting bodices and outer coats of plain black or blue.

The crown of the hat or bonnet is frequently composed of the same, with brim and strings of velvet. Bonnets for traveling, of the same material and color of the ulster, are also fashionable, and the muff is often made to correspond.

Muffs of plush are particularly popular, and some look as if they were cut down the centre and turned back with revers of silk.

A black plush muff, turned back and lined with rich cream silk, is pretty and fashionable.

If fur is placed on a muff it is only carried down one side, the other being covered with the long loops of a bow, placed at the top.

Bows of silk and ribbon velvet are placed upright in the same style as the bonnet trimmings.

Two or three very large jetted balls, hanging loosely from jet strings, are arranged on black velvet and plush muffs, rather to one side, while the other has a drapery like a small curtain drawn back, with a little valance of festooned plush at the top.

Others are tied half-way down with ribbon, falling in very long ends. Clusters of fur balls are placed on some. The long boas are quite as popular as ever.

Some new and costly ones are made with the soft and mulyed feathers stripped from the quills of ostrich plumes, and strung so closely together as to form a thick round boa.

Colored chenille boas are also worn, in black, dark red, and gray.

A neck wrap called "The Alert," resembles a little furry animal coiled round, with the head resting on the tail, which falls down the front of the coat. These are to be had in several varieties, and are very warm, but are more quaint perhaps than they are pretty.

Gloves of colored Astrakan cloth are novel, with the fingers and palm of leather. They are intended for winter driving.

Others, entitled sleighing gloves, are of soft tan dogskin, with gauntlets, but with an elastic inside of the wrist instead of buttons; they fit closely and are drawn off and on in a moment.

The long gloves for evening wear are often finished off with a length of wide ribbon tied around the arm, and ending in a bow.

If the gloves are not to be taken off, the ribbon is merely tied on for the evening; but if they are, it is sewn on with an elastic band to keep it tightly up. This is instead of bracelets, and has a good effect.

The newest pocket-handkerchiefs in fine cambric have crossed lines of color, as if a needle had been employed to darn the thread in and out; others have tiny horse-shoes all over them.

White silk ones, with rather broad borders of dark colored silk, powdered with small white spots, are used for putting into day gown bodices.

Some handkerchiefs of the most delicate muslin, for evening use, have vandyked borders and a row of embroidery, in white and a pale color, matching the costume, quite lovely to behold.

Black satin slippers for evening wear, have small stars of jet beads studded over the instep. Colored ones have pearls, or steel or gold beads.

High flaps up the instep and bows just below are popular in kid house shoes, leather walking ones, or satin evening ones. In the walking shoes, a buckle usually takes the place of the bow.

The fashionable fans of the season are those composed of exquisitely tinted and curled swan feathers in an oval shape. They have ivory or bone mounts, tinted to match the feathers and bows at the handles.

The bows are so placed that when the fans are closed they look as if on the outside stick. The feathers incline slightly towards one, and have a soft tuft of marabout in the centre.

Others, in straight swan feathers, are pinked at the edges. In heliotrope, gray, pink, blue, etc., these fans can be had.

Another style of fan has colored mounts, a band of gauze surmounting them, with a half wreath of flowers painted on, and above that, upright cock's feathers, ornamented with a painted flight of gold birds or butterflies. The effect is certainly beautiful.

Gauze fans, with Japanese figures, or lovely ethereal beauties flying through the air, or resting on a large crescent moon, are fashionable.

There are always novelties appearing in jewelry, and for that season, when presents are freely given, a great variety are offered.

Perhaps the newest ornaments are the pretty little brooches with artificial coffee beans in a brown stone, closely resembling the real thing, peeping out singly or in a group from golden leaves.

They are the invention of a leading jeweler, and are fitted into little canvas cases, with tasseled corners, having "Moka" written on the cover in black letters.

Another fashionable gift of the day is a case containing a pair of light-colored tortoiseshell pins for the hair or bonnet, with gold or rose diamond tops.

A shepherd's crook, a crutch, or a sword, are popular designs. Jet and oxidised silver swords, for hats and bonnets, are worn.

Odds and Ends.

SOMETHING FOR BREAKFAST.

"What shall we have for breakfast?"

This apparently trifling question is in reality an important one, for is not the old adage, "No breakfast, no man," as true to-day as ever?

Yes, depend upon it there is something radically wrong when the members of a family are disinclined for a substantial morning meal.

Assuming for our present purpose, fairly good appetites on the part of our readers, then come the questions of variety, nutrition, and suitability.

In thousands of homes, bacon, with or with or without eggs, is the staple breakfast dish, often served daily for weeks or months without intermission; and while admitting that few delicacies can beat good home-cured bacon and new laid eggs, it is a grave mistake not to vary one's food to a greater extent than is customary—at breakfast especially.

We must remark that we are not referring to homes where there are staffs of servants, but rather to those where a general servant shares the work in all its branches with the mistress or her daughters.

Let the chief breakfast dishes be of a kind, and cooked in such a manner, as to be readily digested.

We remember hearing a famous scientist lecture on waste of food. He spoke of that absolutely thrown away; of food burnt, or otherwise spoilt, in the cooking; lastly—and upon this he laid greatest stress—of edibles of every description cooked in such ways as deprived them of their nourishment and rendered them indigestible.

When eggs are plentiful, omelets afford a pleasant change, and are, when properly made, easily digested; but we incline to the opinion that the making of an omelet is just one of those things that can only be learned by experience, and a badly made omelet is an abomination.

Those who have grasped the method may find the following two recipes of some service:

Italian Omelet.—Mix a tablespoonful of cooked macaroni, cut into half-inch lengths, with an equal bulk of grated cheese—Parmesan is the nicest—and a dessert-spoonful or so of tomato conserve; add a grate of nutmeg and a suspicion of cayenne, then stir the whole in a stewpan until hot. Put the mixture into the centre of a medium sized omelet, just before folding, and serve at once.

Watercress and other herbs are in France frequently put into the omelet mixture before cooking.

Kedgeree is tasty and easily made. Put into a saucepan an ounce of butter, four or five ounces of cold fish—any kind—flaked, and half the weight, or more if liked, of boiled rice. Season with salt, pepper, and a few drops of white vinegar or lemon juice. Pile lightly on a hot dish. When appearance is an object, the whites of two hard-boiled eggs may be cut into rings for garnish, and the yolks rubbed through a sieve and sprinkled over the whole. Although fresh fish is most suitable, the remains of a dried haddock will do for this.

Savory Pyramid is a mixture of cooked rice and any white meat minced, and made hot in a small quantity of white sauce or tomato sauce; or tomatoes may be sliced and grilled, and served round it. As its name implies, it should be served pyramid shape. Boiled or roasted fowl is delicious in this way; the bones should then be stewed for the sauce. A small quantity of ham will improve it, together with some savory herbs.

Brown Macaroni is excellent. The common pipe macaroni is used for it. It is first boiled, then cut up and stewed in brown stock until it has absorbed the whole, when it should be spread on a flat dish and a little more stock poured over; the dish should be garnished with fried or toasted bread in nice shapes.

Cooked Vegetables furnish breakfast tables with many a dainty. Cauliflowers, divided into sprigs, dipped in batter, and fried crisp, are good, either as a separate course, or with kidneys, cutlets, etc. Celery, asparagus, and many others can be so treated, or they may be cut up and mixed with the batter, and fried a tablespoonful at a time.

Any flat fish may be filleted and baked, the fillets first rolled up and skewered in a straight row. Butter a baking-sheet, lay them on, and cover with a buttered paper. In a good oven they will be done in ten or fifteen minutes, when the paper should be removed, and each little row covered with chopped parsley mixed with cream. Let this get hot, then serve them at the last moment, squeezing some lemon juice over, or any flavored vinegar. People who like hot dishes may substitute chopped Indian pickle, or a dash of chutney, for the parsley and cream.

For *Fish Cutlets* few modes equal that of wrapping them in buttered paper and cooking on a gridiron, or in a hot oven, as the paper keeps in the flavor and goodness; but the time of cooking must be a little longer than for cutlets cooked minus the paper.

GEESE.—Geese can be fattened cheaply, as they will eagerly consume chopped turnip or any other kind of cheap material, but they must have corn also. It is not well to have geese too fat, as it spoils their marketable appearance, but young geese can hardly be fed too liberally, as until they have completed their growth they will not put on fat.

EACH of us has a special call to duty; and as surely as disaster overtook Jonah it must overtake every one who goes toward Tarshish when God calls him to Nineveh.

Confidential Correspondents.

KNIGHT.—We cannot criticise verses; we are far too busy.

X. Y. Z.—The meaning of "La Gitana" is "The Gipsy."

HOPEFUL.—To say "the news is true," is perfectly correct. News is a singular noun.

THOMAS GRAY.—We cannot give you any reliable statistics as to the extent of forest land in Canada, United States, and North America.

M. M.—See your late employer at once, and tell him the truth like a man. No other course is open to you if you want to retain your self-respect.

NERDLAW.—Writers' cramp arises from long use of the pen, and is due to irritation of the nerves supplying the muscles brought into use. Rest is the best cure.

FACIO.—Some people are born with a ruddy complexion, and generally enjoy good health so long as it lasts. To remove it would be impossible and unwise. Indigestion will cause a good deal of flushing, which passes off, but the natural hue still remains.

KATIE.—We should advise you to have nothing more to do with such a very undecided person: it is a great pity for any girl to waste the best years of her life on a man like that. Send him about his business, and you will soon find another who will have more sense and better appreciation of a sensible girl.

COUSIN.—We have many times stated that in the majority of cases it is unadvisable for cousins to marry, as, if there is any hereditary tendency to disease, it usually manifests itself in their offspring, though we have known cases where no apparent ill-effects have followed. As a rule, medical men are opposed to such marriages.

THE MIKADO.—It is correct to say "neither of them is going," and equally correct to say "neither of us *has* a book." "None of us *has* any brothers," is also correct. In this case "none" means "no one," as it should. But "none" is often used as signifying a negative many; and in such cases it of course requires a verb in the plural.

WILLIE.—The bride and bridegroom sit side by side at the table; the bridesmaids opposite; the parents at the end of the table, or sometimes they are seated near the happy pair—the mother beside the bridegroom, and the father beside the bride. This arrangement is for a long table; for one of the horse-shoe shape, the newly married couple sit at the apex.

ANXIOUS.—You may, perhaps, find some comfort in the knowledge that you are not alone in the experience which suggests that the chief purpose fulfilled by the faculty of memory is to enable one to forget. Our advice to you is not to place much confidence in tricks and systems, but to read slowly and carefully, and to frequently examine yourself to see whether your memory is doing its work properly.

LIKING.—There is a consensus of opinion among scholars that the letters "c" and "g" were always pronounced hard by the Romans. But the rule is still generally disregarded in teaching Latin, although there is a growing tendency to observe it. You need not be afraid that you will be regarded as an ignoramus, even by good Latinists, if you make the "c" soft in Cicero. To say "Kikero" in ordinary conversation is indeed a piece of inexcusable pedantry.

MARY G.—Your book is an old copy of the writings of Epictetus, and may have some commercial value. You should take it to a respectable dealer in second-hand books in your own city. Epictetus was born at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, about A.D. 50, and became one of the most celebrated of the Stoic philosophers. His pupil Adrian collected his maxims into the work called the "Encheiridion" (Handbook), and into eight books of commentaries, of which only four have come down to us.

UNHAPPY.—We cannot advise you to marry a woman who has wronged you so cruelly. But if you are unable at present to summon the moral courage sufficient to throw her off altogether, you should endeavor to keep away from her for at least a year. If at the end of that time your feelings have not changed, and in the meantime the woman you love has expressed deep contrition for her conduct, and you have reason to believe that she will never again treat you in such a cruel manner, you must then decide for yourself what it were better to do for your future happiness.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—The island Juan Fernandez is still inhabited. It belongs to Chili, and is leased from the Government of that country by some settlers from the United States and Tahiti. It lies about 400 miles off the coast of Chili, is fifteen miles long and two broad, and rises to a height of 3,000 feet above the sea level. The shores are steep, and viewed from the sea the island has a desolate appearance; but in the northern half are some fertile valleys, producing figs, grapes, sandal wood, cork, etc. It was on this island that Alexander Selkirk lived for four years and four months in absolute solitude.

SORRIQUET.—Dr. Johannes Faust, around whom so much legendary matter has gathered, was a dealer in the black art, who lived in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Some of those critics who think that man has been endowed with a mind in order that he may believe nothing have asserted that no such person ever existed, but he was known personally to Melancthon and others. In his sixteenth year he went to Ingolstadt, and studied theology; but afterwards gave himself up to medicine, astrology, and magic. Having spent a large fortune in chemical experiments, he, as tradition avers, made use of the knowledge he had acquired to conjure up spirits, and entered into a contract with the demon, who gave him a spirit, called Mephistopheles, as a servant; the arrangement being that when Faust had had his fling for four-and-twenty years, he should become the demon's own property, body and soul. Accompanied by Mephistopheles, he traveled about, enjoyed life in all its forms, and surprised folks by working all sorts of wonders; for example, he rode on a wine barrel out of Auerbach's cellar in Leipzig, where an old painting representing the performance is still to be seen. At last he was carried off by the evil spirit, and was no more seen of men. As early as 1590, the legend was treated dramatically in England by Christopher Marlowe; and Goethe considered it a worthy subject for his genius to employ itself upon. The same subject is employed in the opera.